Américas

Travel Issue

PROSPECTS FOR TRAVEL, 1954

A NATION OF STAY-AT-HOMES

THROUGH LATIN AMERICA WITH KNIFE AND FORK

TWO-WAY GUIDE TO CORRECT BEHAVIOR

AN ARGENTINE'S U. S. A.

ESCAPE BY SEA

25 cents

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Américas

Volume 6, Number 1 January 1954

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A. Alberto Lleras, Secretary General William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton Adolfo Solórzano Díaz Armando S. Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig Mary G. Reynolds Benedicta Quirino dos Santos Lillian L. de Tagle Betty Wilson

Cover

Hubert Leckie

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Dear Reader

Travel is an activity carried on by well-to-do peoples that helps the poor nations improve themselves, and there has been a great deal of talk about it in Latin America for many years. But the progress achieved in its promotion has not kept pace with the volume of words devoted to the subject. As so often happens in that part of the world, the public looks to the government for the answer. Organized private action is thought of only in terms of requesting the government to build hotels, to establish schools for guides, to furnish transportation facilities, to publicize places of interest, and so on. In other words, they want the government to provide this new source of revenue for private individuals by decree. But since the government must also carry on all its regular business, the decrees are not followed up by serious, continuous action. Then the society of interested parties moans. And travel does not increase. In this way, many Latin American countries are losing an excellent opportunity that others are taking full advantage of. Meanwhile, of course, Europe has made travel one of the most important factors in its balance of payments and its general economic stability.

Naturally, Latin America cannot compete with Europe in the travel business. But it has attractions that Europe cannot offer and that are disappearing or have already vanished forever here in the United States. Moreover, Latin America is easier for the U.S. traveler to understand than Europe. He feels more at home within the Western Hemisphere. And tourists, who do not have the souls of explorers, want to feel at home when they go abroad. But Latin America holds an innumerable series of small and disagreeable surprises for the visitor, and the governments cannot eliminate them by decree. In order to build a sound tourist industry, private funds must be invested to overcome these annovances. Exploitation of the tourist destroys the trade. Only organizations of citizens interested in the welfare of the tourist industry can successfully develop it. It is a private business, which the government can encourage, promote, and guide, but which must be carried on by those who will profit from it. At resorts and other tourist centers, that group includes practically the whole population.

In the United States, where domestic travel is a fabulous business, the Chambers of Commerce are the natural representatives of all those interests and the agents of collective action. Although Latin American civic improvement organizations and Chambers of Commerce have never played this role, there is no reason why they could not do so. Thus far, however, they have limited their efforts to sending petitions to the governments asking them to assume all the risks, make all the investments, and meet every cost of the tourist industry. Only private investment and private group efforts are capable of protecting this business, which, for many reasons, is precisely the

one most susceptible to damage by private action.

Muthley Secretary General

Opposite: Gold figure of crocodile god called Guara, from vicinity of Maracaibo, Venezuela. Robert Woods Bliss collection, National Gallery of Art in Washington

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

U. S. Stakes in Latin America

United States direct investments in Latin America rose to 5.7 billion dollars at the end of 1952, according to the U. S. Department of Commerce—a gain of one billion over 1950 and more than twice the figure for 1943. At the end of 1950, date of the last detailed census by the Office of Business Economics, the Latin American share was 40 per cent of all U.S. direct investments abroad. Of the 4.7 billion dollar total in Latin America then, Venezuela accounted for 21.1 per cent, Brazil and Cuba 13.5 per cent each, Chile 11.4 per cent, and Mexico 8 per cent. Among the industries and fields of investment, petroleum led with 29.7 per cent of the total, 22 per cent went to public utilities, 16.8 per cent to manufacturing, 13.3 per cent to mining and smelting, and 10 per cent to agriculture. Presumably the present proportional distribution by country and industry is approximately the same. Business Week predicts that by 1975 U.S. investments in Latin America will add up to forty billion dollars.

Trade with the Far East and Europe

In their campaign to conquer wider markets in Latin America, industrialists in Japan point to these advances: a) An agreement for exchanging up to eighty million dollars' worth of products with Argentina in the year just ended; b) an order for twenty locomotives to be built in Japan for the Chilean railways, along with some small cargo ships; c) an arrangement to ship 35 million dollars' worth of Japanese goods to Brazil, and d) an agreement to purchase 600,000 tons of unrefined Cuban sugar. Other reports indicate that Japan is much interested in building up sales of machinery in Colombia, in exchange for cotton, rice, and coal. And Japanese commercial circles are exploring the possibility of obtaining 40 million barrels of crude oil from Mexico in exchange for tankers, piping, and other equipment for the oil industry. For the first time since Pearl Harbor Day, regular maritime service from Japan to the west coast of North, Central, and South America has been resumed.

By 1952, exports from **Great Britain** to Latin America, which had accounted for a third of that region's imports in 1914, were down to 6 per cent of foreign sales there, and the 1953 figure will probably fall even lower. Visión reports that to check this decline British exporters will try to sell producer goods in Latin America in preference to manufactured products. They hope that it will then be possible for more English industrial consultants to live in the region and that it will make more money available for investment on a participating basis in industries there. Meanwhile, London experts are studying plans to match the terms and long-range credits Germany has so successfully employed to boost sales in Latin America.

The commercial treaty signed by Colombia and France in 1952 has been extended to run through 1954. Under

the terms of the renewal, France promises to buy at least 7.5 million dollars' worth of coffee from Colombia, and both countries agree not to re-export the products exchanged.

The **Swedish** firm AGA Svenska Ab Gesaccumulator made the winning bid of \$1,600,000 for building acetylene lightbuoys and lighthouses for the Colombian Navy.

Chilean Investments

Chile's public investment program for 1954 aims at better coordination of financial activities, controlling inflation, and integration of public and private investment plans. In recent years, fiscal funds have accounted for almost half the country's gross investments. Of the 29.4 billion pesos (about 267 million dollars at the official rate) the government plans to invest in 1954, about 36 per cent will come from social security funds, 21 per cent from the Development Corporation, 16 per cent from National Government funds, and 27 per cent from other official institutions. Nearly one third of the total will be devoted to building low-cost and middle-class housing, hospitals, and schools; 18 per cent will be allotted to personal loans for approved investments, and an equal share will go to public works of the National Government: 15 per cent is earmarked for development programs in mining, industry, and electrification: 12 per cent is for transportation and trade projects, and 5 per cent for agricultural development.

Land and Crops

The **Guatemalan** Government has begun the distribution to farmers of the 234,000 acres of land expropriated from the United Fruit Company under the terms of the recent agrarian reform law. Reassignment of the land began on November 17 with the breaking up of a 62,000-acre tract on the Pacific Coast.

The Mexican cotton harvest for the 1953-54 season is estimated at about 1,100,000 bales, or about 12 per cent less than last year. So it is calculated that the exportable surplus will not exceed 800,000 bales. It is expected that the export quota will be sold easily, since Mexican cotton is priced one cent a pound lower than the U.S. product on world markets.

According to the Brazilian magazine Conjuntura Económica, coffee from Kenya, Africa, is the most dangerous competitor of the traditional Western Hemisphere exporters, because of its high quality and the care taken in the management of the plantations under the direction of the British Government. In 1952 Kenya was in third place, back of Brazil and Colombia, in exports of coffee to Germany. Le Courrier du Café, published in Brussels, points out that coffee production in Africa has risen steadily every year since before the war (except for 1948 and 1949). In the 1935-39 period it averaged 2,313,000 132-pound bags a year. By 1950 it hit 4,659,000 bags.



PROSPECTS FOR TRAVEL, 1954

Francisco Hernández

THE CLOUDS cleared away as if by magic, revealing the stunning spectacle of Angel Falls plunging giddily from a height of more than three thousand feet to disappear below in the dark green of the dense Venezuelan jungle. A group of professional travelers, we were making the trip in a Ministry of Communications plane, at the invitation of the Venezuelan Government. From Caracas, it had taken us in a few hours to the cliffs at the edge of the Gran Sabana, where the waters of the Churún and Carrao Rivers fight the virgin forest on their way to join the fast-flowing Caroní. "What luck!" the veteran pilot exclaimed. "You hardly ever see this eighth wonder of the world in full sunlight like this."

Savoring the experience, we talked of Iguazú Falls and of Niagara, and of all the other attractions the traveler can find in the American lands: the snow-capped Andean peaks; the Indian fortresses of Machu Picchu and Sacsahuamán; the traces left by the discoverers, colonizers, and heroes of independence; the matchless Caribbean beaches and the fashionable resorts of Miami, Acapulco, Viña del Mar, and Punta del Este; the southern lake regions of Argentina and Chile; the Indian markets of Chichicastenango, Guatemala, and Otavalo, Ecuador; the colonial treasures of Taxco and Ouro Preto. Logically, the conversation went on to general observations about the outlook for Hemisphere travel in the face of competition from Europe and the rest of the world. And we came to the conclusion that the Americas should have nothing to fear, considering their unlimited tourist offerings in the way of climate, landscapes, folklore, prehistoric ruins, architectural jewels from colonial days, recreation and health centers in the mountains or at the sea shore, modern transportation and lodging facilities.

Happily, recognition of tourism as a supremely important industry is growing on all sides. Keenly aware of its economic role as well as its potential contribution to the friendship of our peoples, the Pan American Union continually urges establishment of effective travel-promotion organizations in each country and the widest possible international collaboration.

The United States, the main wholesale source of tourists, has always encouraged travel abroad—whether for recreation, health, education, or business—as a cornerstone of its economic foreign policy. Travel, according to the U. S. Department of Commerce, is of very special significance to the businessman and to the U. S. taxpayer in general—a

significance explained in these words:

"Our travel among our neighbors helps them earn the dollars with which to buy American products vital to their economic recovery and development. Travel dollars are not loan or grant dollars—they are earned dollars. They come in return for services rendered. Their expenditure has a threefold value. First, the traveler gets education, experience, and entertainment; second, the host country gets exchange vital to its economy; and third, the dollars return home in terms of increased trade, business activity, and employment."

Statistics reveal that tourist travel since the Second World War has been growing at an unprecedented rate. Assuming the existence of adequate transportation facilities and as favorable conditions generally as prevailed before hostilities broke out, the Department of Commerce predicted that sometime in the fifties, U. S. tourists' annual contribution to other countries would rise to more than a billion dollars. Dollars that could be used to buy U. S. products, to repay loans and meet interest charges, and, in general, to help stabilize the world's economy. It wasn't long before the prophecy was fulfilled, for by 1952 tourist expenditures soared over the billion-dollar-a-year mark. With the rapid progress in transportation—especially in the air—and the construction of modern hotels, the prospects for the future look good.

Postwar Inter-American Travel Congresses, third and fourth of a series sponsored by the Organization of American States to stimulate tourist programs throughout the Hemisphere, were held at San Carlos de Bariloche, Argentina, in 1949, and at Lima, Peru, in 1952. Official delegations from the twenty-one OAS republics and Canada pondered tourist problems along with representatives of private enterprise—associations of transportation companies, hotels, and travel agencies, automobile clubs, and so on—recommending appropriate action for governments, private enterprise, or both together. The meetings offered opportunities for general stock-taking and for fresh scrutiny of the barriers still obstructing the flow of tourists to some of our countries.

What have we done to get rid of these annoying bordercrossing requirements? Following the example of the Western European countries, which are making a strong bid for the tourist dollar, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Uruguay now admit visitors from the United States simply on a passport, without any consular visa. Other countries, including Mexico, Haiti, Colombia, Venezuela, and the Central American republics, have substituted a tourist card for the passport. Ecuador, Panama, and the Dominican Republic, which also use the tourist card, have simpli-



In Huancayo for the Sunday market, visitors stay at well-run government hotel, one of nineteen scattered throughout Peru



Dominican Republic's Jaragua Hotel caters to luxury-loving vacationers in the Caribbean



Pride of Caracas is new eight-million-dollar Tamanaco, owned largely by the government, operated by Intercontinental Hotels



Highway between Buenaventura and Cali in Colombian cordillera shows why road-building is a major feat in much of Latin America

fied matters even more by authorizing transportation companies to issue it. Under a special arrangement, U. S. tourists can enter Cuba with no more than a landing card. Brazil, Peru, and Paraguay are the only places that still require formal passport visas.

Of course, the privileges mentioned above are also granted, in some cases, to citizens of countries other than the United States. Under the terms of bilateral agreements, people are allowed to cross certain Latin American

borders on personal identity certificates.

Adequate lodging is one of the fundamental requisites for luring visitors from abroad. The hotels recently built or modernized under supervision of the Intercontinental Hotels Corporation have not only added several thousand rooms to the accommodations available in the de luxe category, but also set a healthy example for local capital interested in this type of investment. With the opening of the three newest, the Tamanaco in Caracas, the Tequendama in Bogotá, and the Del Lago in Maracaibo, a circuit of magnificent hostelries has been completed, covering almost every country in South America. The Caribbean region, for its part, offers El Panamá just outside Panama City, the Nacional in Havana, splendid small hotels in Haiti, the Jaragua in Ciudad Trujillo, and the Caribe Hilton of San Juan, Puerto Rico, along with other firstclass establishments especially designed to give the traveler the utmost comfort in tropical lands. The fabulous growth of Mexico's hotel industry, which lodges a foreign population of nearly half a million annually, is too well known to dwell upon.

As the Inter-American Travel Congresses recommended, many countries have encouraged the expansion and improvement of hotel facilities by granting special customs treatment to building materials and equipment imported for the purpose. Uruguay even underwrites part of the foreign visitor's hotel expenses during the slack summer season (approximately December-February). From a special fund, the government reimburses the innkeeper for the sum discounted from the traveler's bill—the rate was 45 per cent in 1951 and 30 per cent last year—for a minimum continuous stay of five days in hotels in the Department of Montevideo, or of one day in other parts of the country.

Naturally, transportation will be a key factor in the future development of inter-American travel. Since the war, regular sailings have been resumed to both coasts of South America and to the Caribbean area, and some of the European ships have joined the U.S. liners in offering special winter cruises (see "Escape By Sea," page 17). But the most credit for stimulating travel in the Americas must go to the airplane, which solved the problem of enormous distances. The growth has been phenomenal: in 1952 one line alone carried 618,221 people on inter-American flights. Since the introduction of the cheaper tourist or air-coach flights, passengers now have a wide choice of accommodations. And of course there are dozens of escorted tours for the vacationer in search of a "package" trip. (For more on air travel, see "Flights to Everywhere," page 20.)

For those who prefer to travel by car, the national road systems of the various countries offer some excellent motoring opportunities, even though no continuous international route is yet open to traffic. The clamor for completing the land connections among our countries grows louder and louder, and the Pan American Highway Congresses have been renewed, with the fifth held at Lima in 1951 and a special meeting in Mexico City at the end of 1952. Plans are already in the works for various methods of financing specific unfinished stretches.

At present, the following gaps still exist in the trunk route of the Pan American Highway System, which is designed to connect the national capitals: twenty-one miles in Guatemala, beginning at the Mexican border; forty-nine miles in northern Costa Rica and 133 in the southern sector; thirty-one miles in northern Panama and 310 miles through the Darién Peninsula in the South; fifty-seven miles in Ecuador, extending to the Peruvian border. Paraguay is connected via the Pan American Highway only with Argențina; it has no roads to Bolivia or Brazil. If you consider that the network when complete will total some 18,600 miles, the unfinished stretches shrink into insignificance, even though much of what remains to be built presents very difficult engineering problems.

A spectacular project that has been approved by the Highway Congresses and extensively studied by the Mexican Ministry of Communications and Public Works is the plan for the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Circuits, which would link the road systems of the islands with those of the mainland by means of ferry boats. In its broadest aspects, according to architect Carlos Lazo, who directed the survey, the plan is to integrate communications of all kinds in this area—highways, railways, airways, river and ocean transportation, postal services, and telecommunications.

Whether the tourist takes off for rest, diversion, study, or sports, or just out of curiosity, Latin America can satisfy the most demanding and restless, regardless of the season. In addition to the folklore festivals, religious observances, and civic and patriotic celebrations, there are fairs and expositions that attract thousands of visitors from all over the world. Outstanding events scheduled for 1954, for example, include a many-sided exposition to celebrate the fourth centennial of São Paulo, Brazil, which is considered one of the most progressive industrial cities in the Hemisphere; the Great Fair of the Americas that opened recently in Mendoza, Argentina, with pavilions devoted to farming, stock raising, commerce, and industry: and the important International Trade Exposition being organized to commemorate the centennial of Colón. Panama. This last one, which will run from March 20 to April 4. will reveal the progress of the city's Free Zone, with exhibitions of handicrafts, ceramics, woodworking and marble work, popular arts, and so on.

One Latin American tourist association has pointed out that "we must exploit travel as an industry and not the tourist as an individual." On the other hand, the visitor who temporarily lives side by side with the people of other lands, observing their customs, admiring their art and ancient treasures, also has an obligation: to display an open mind and a spirit of understanding.

A NATION OF STAY-AT-HOMES

Érico Veríssimo

To BEGIN WITH, we Brazilians are not a race of Marco Polos. Adventure does not attract us. We are never overwhelmed with the desire to discover things. Our travel literature is extremely poor. Although once in a great while a Brazilian will venture into the depths of Mato Grosso or the Amazon jungle to hunt ocelots and other creatures, these heroes can be counted on one's fingers, and their prowess seldom stirs up much of a sensation.

This lazy reluctance to leave home, to abandon a way of life that may not be entirely comfortable but is nonetheless reasonably secure, may explain the vast uninhabited areas in western Brazil. We cling to our well-known "crab civilization." Crowded along the sea coast, we look westward with passive pride and ignorant hope, daydreaming about immense reaches of magically fertile land, about gold mines, iron ore, oil wells. We cherish the vague, sweet conviction that some day—by the grace of God rather than by our own toil—we shall conquer that El Dorado. We are like a man who has a treasure in the attic but lives on the ground floor in poverty just because he is too lazy to climb upstairs, disinclined to face the darkness and possible spiders, rats, centipedes. . . . Yes, going upstairs is something like traveling.

Why are we sedentary? Did we by any chance inherit from our Portuguese ancestors this attachment to our own piece of ground, this delight in staying put, this fear of the unknown? The Portuguese certainly love the land, but it can hardly be said that they always preferred to "stay put," let alone that they feared the unknown. As any history book will tell us, our Lusitanian forefathers were an intrepid nation of travelers and discoverers. As for the Indians, the tribes inhabiting Brazil before the discovery were mostly nomadic.

I might try to explain our reluctance to travel by some scientific, or at least academic, method, but, as a story-teller, I prefer not to leave the domain of familiar everyday affairs. Perhaps I can show you best by undertaking a retrospective voyage in time—and in space, for I am writing this in Washington, D.C.—back to my childhood and the small town in southernmost Brazil where I was born.

My grandfather, who was successively a farmhand, a cart driver, a mule driver, and a landowner, and who lived a long and industrious life, probably rode no more than twice in trains or automobiles—and with such misgivings! He never, but never, so much as went near an airplane. I remember that whenever he saw planes flying overhead or doing stunts above his farm, he would raise his eyes and fists and shout at the pilots: "Go to work,



you bums! Go get a hoe and till the land! That's no job for a real man!" When the planes disappeared, the old man would stand there shaking his head and muttering ruefully: "There's no hope for this world." He believed machines raised the cost of living and corrupted mankind. It never occurred to him to visit another village or town for pleasure. Yet in the course of his work he was always tirelessly covering long distances around the countryside, and he would sometimes wear out three horses in a single day. Countless times he drove cattle across the state from north to south, east to west, nearly always sleeping outdoors. His skin was tanned by wind and sun. Often, when he awoke on winter mornings, his poncho and his face would be white with frost. But his hard, busy life gave him a satisfaction that was touching to see.

More than once the old gaucho took mule teams from Rio Grande do Sul as far as Paraguay and Argentina. He would never enter a large town, but would camp on the outskirts, both because he hated urban living and because he wanted to make it quite clear that he was not a traveler but a mule driver. He was not loafing, like some shiftless, useless people; he was working.

When I was a boy my mother would tell of her trips by stagecoach between the city and her father's farm. They were grim tales, true odysseys and heart-breaking. Good heavens! The perilous curves and holes along the endless trails flanked by ravines that I pictured as abysses. . . . Hour after hour of discomfort and fear under the sun's fiery eye. . . . The danger that an axle might break or that one of the horses, frightened by the sudden flight of a partridge, might take the bit in his teeth and start running away. . . . How nice it was to arrive, to set foot on land again, to be rid of the worry! How delightful just to stay!

Then came the railroad. It was faster than the coach, but did not improve the lot of our travelers. The locomotive—symbol of progress, of foreign lands and souls—was, more than anything else, a frightful monster. No wonder the simple country folk looked askance at the fantastic iron horse whose heavy breathing filled the air and whose nostrils poured forth sparks and smoke. To be sure, the train at last won acceptance and stagecoaches became museum pieces, but fear of the "critter" still throbbed in our people's breasts and was bequeathed, after a fashion, to their children and grandchildren.

Even now, in my mind's eve. I can see us getting ready for a trip back around 1920. My mother could hardly hide her nervousness as she packed our bags. She prepared a lunch-roast chicken with farofa, as a ruleand sadly bade her farewells. The whole thing had a sepulchral tone, as if the world were about to end. One might enjoy visiting someone in another town, but the trip itself was physically and psychologically unpleasant. First of all, there was the expense; then there was the risk to your life (after all, you never know, some villain might put a rock on the rails or blow up the bridge): furthermore, there was the discomfort, for a body doesn't enjoy spending hours on a bench in a noisy, shaky car. breathing coal smoke and swallowing dust all the way. As if all these horrors weren't enough, traveling also meant exchanging your own comfortable home and the town where you had relatives, friends, social position, prestige (Good morning, Mr. Freitas! How are you? And your wife? And the children? Oh, I'm so glad!) for a world peopled by strangers who would eye you with curiosity and suspicion. Ah. and over and above all this, there was another very special fear: that of missing the train. Missing the train was not only a material inconvenience. It was shameful.

Somehow my mother's fear of traveling carried over to me, and I'm not entirely free of it yet. Every time I board one of those superbly comfortable Pennsylvania or B&O trains I expect the worst, for to me trains are dusty, dirty, narrow-gauge vehicles on which as a boy—pale, nauseous, unhappy—I would endure the few dozen kilometers between my home town and the village of Tupanciretã. For me that is still the longest journey in the world.

Hundreds of thousands of other mothers throughout Brazil felt as mine did. The idea that traveling was expensive, dangerous, and unpleasant seems to have become established on a nationwide basis.

A wealthy and apparently alert Brazilian I know will not go anywhere. "I don't want to be bothered," he claims. He finds it painful and even somewhat humiliating to buy a ticket, to "depend" on the engineer or the pilot, to arrive at strange destinations and face cab



drivers, hotel employees, waiters, people on the street who seem to be staring at him "contemptuously or ironically." The truth is, this man feels strong, sheltered, and happy nowhere but in his home town. Traveling is adventure: adventure is danger. Not for him! There's no place like home, with one's pajamas, slippers, newspaper, and the local radio program.

In my adolescence I felt two contradictory tendencies struggling within me. My mind was fascinated by the idea of travel, the desire to see foreign lands and peoples; my body, enslaved by habit, wanted to stay put, feared the risk and bother involved. And in the end I would stay, not because the flesh was mightier than the soul, but for the very good reason that I couldn't afford to travel. There it is—most Brazilians who would like to travel don't because they haven't enough money.

In colonial days, the aristocratic sugar-mill owners used to send their sons to Portugal to study law at Coimbra, and in a later period it was fashionable for families of the Brazilian plutocracy to send their children to Swiss schools. But ever since the middle of the nineteenth century, the mecca for Brazilians has been Paris. France has even been called a "second motherland" to Brazilians. My father would recite La Dernière Classe with tears in his eyes. As for me, the Marseillaise has always been a source of civic gooseflesh.

Brazilian curiosity about the United States probably began after the First World War, when we began to see the first movies out of Hollywood and then were introduced to jazz, the shimmy, the Charleston, and other by-products of the twenties. Up to that time we entertained the confused notion that the "Yankees" were a nation of crude millionaires, cowboys, and eccentrics. Teddy Roosevelt would come from time to time to hunt big game in Mato Grosso, and that stocky, rubicund, sports-loving president seemed to symbolize his country

and his people to perfection. Yet apparently in those days it never even occurred to a Brazilian to waste on a trip to New York or Chicago the hard-earned money that could take him to Rome or Paris.

But the United States, with its machines and other products of its fabulous industry, was destined to alter the face of the world. By putting out inexpensive automobiles, Henry Ford not only caused better roads to be built in his own country but also profoundly changed travel habits and notions of time and distance in other nations. Gradually, his influence was felt in Brazil. Many farmers bought his cars, which lent themselves admirably to our country's terrible roads. I remember a sensational photograph, published in a magazine around 1920, that caused my grandfather to shake with indignation: a well-known Rio Grande do Sul rancher took his Ford out on a roundup!

Monteiro Lobato was one of the first renowned Brazilian intellectuals to succumb to the lure of the United States. He lived in New York a long time, dreaming of big things for his country—iron-ore and oil exploitation—and from that city he sent us a delightful book, América. Other men of letters later followed in his footsteps.

When the Second World War broke out, blocking the road to Paris, the way to New York was wide open. Since then Brazilians have been visiting the United States in droves.

On the whole, as a matter of fact, my fellow countrymen have been traveling more in the past fifteen years. Domestic travel was stimulated by the airplane, which made it much easier to get about our huge country (today Brazil is the world's second power in commercial aviation). But travelers still constitute an infinitesimal minority, for poverty is a kind of chronic illness among us. Travel is possible only for the wealthy and the recipients of official invitations or scholarships from foreign governments. There was a time (during 1949 and 1950, I think) when the New York newspapers were commenting with astonishment on the incredible number of Brazilians who were in this country furiously buying Cadillacs. Until a recent government decree put an end to the racket, it was sound business to come to the United States, spend four thousand dollars on a Cadillac, then resell it in Brazil for twice that amount (some say there are more Cadillacs in Rio today than anywhere else in the world).

It is my custom to observe my compatriots abroad with interest, to study their traveling habits carefully. How do they behave? What are the things that interest them most?

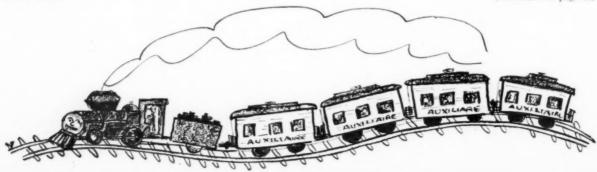
Above all, they are excessively concerned with clothes (and not only the women); nor do they know how to travel light. They find it difficult to detach themselves from national customs, and carry their environment with them, so to speak. Once I gave the following piece of advice to a young friend going abroad for the first time: "Look," I said, "act as if you had accidentally popped up in a book or a play in which you aren't a character. What I mean is, the author expects nothing of you, so you're free to do whatever strikes your fancy, understand?" Useless advice, of course. The young fellow took along his entire past, his shyness, and-worst of allhis preconceived notions. I knew a chap from my home state who during his first days in New York would spend the whole morning secluded in his room at the Savoy-Plaza sipping mate and cutting plug tobacco for his straw cigarettes. When I asked if he were not going to visit the museums, he answered: "Not interested." How about Radio City Music Hall? "Nonsense." And the Planetarium? "Kid stuff." After we finally got him out of the hotel, all he wanted was a restaurant where he might find a good feijoada and a Rio Grande do Sul barbecue. He lasted a week in Manhattan, then took the next ship home.

There is also a type of traveler who would woo every shapely woman he meets. "Look! That girl is giving me the eye." It is useless to explain that the etiquette of love is different in this country. Many rebel, and loudly exclaim: "But what kind of land is this, compadre? Women here don't even look at men!" Finally, thwarted, they begin to assail the United States as a "barbarous" country where a woman can't even practice the oldest profession in peace.

If the traveler is an intellectual, he will probably have brought along in his vest pocket a series of foregone conclusions, mostly unfavorable to the nation he is visiting, so that all he has to do is go hunting for premises. The moment he sets foot on the pier, the station platform, or the airport runway, he begins to sound off. "It's just as I say, old man, this is a country of overgrown children. They have no culture, no intellectual life; they're just plain silly. You know, this business of finesse, of culture, is really the privilege of us Latins." From there on everything he sees, hears, touches, and smells only adds to his conviction.

How about women travelers? Generally they are seized by a mania for acquisition. All they want is to buy and buy, and no amount of time or money is enough. I once knew a Brazilian lady who, with one day to spend in

(Continued on page 43)





Restaurant in Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela, advertises menu on Coke sign, notes on side such specialties as "ravioli that enchants

THE GASTRIC WORRIER whose chief concern when traveling is whether he will be able to eat as well in foreign lands as at home need fear nothing at the hands of Latin American chefs. This type of traveler usually stays at only the biggest hotels in the biggest cities. In these chromium-plated establishments he can order his breakfast ham and eggs in English, and the waiter's response

will probably be, "Yes, sir. Eggs straight up or over light?" In the big hotels steak is steak, salad is lettuce and tomatoes, and chops are chops. Pancakes may be pan-que-ques, but they'll be more or less the same flapjacks that are tossed in the window of the Atomic Grille down at the corner. From one end of Latin America to the other, it is possible for your eyes to take in a dozen new worlds of adventure while your insides remain mutely ignorant that their owner has left home.

But if you're a person who likes to explore with all his senses, the southern lands offer a bewildering variety of dishes that will stimulate and delight you. pique vour curiosity, sometimes sear your pepper-sensitive throat, and occasionally scare you half to death. Most of the time the adventurous eater will have a wonderful time, get fat, and be entertained and beloved

Even if you're in a hurry, you have a good chance to learn much about Latin American dishes. No matter how tight your schedule, you will eat three meals a day. If you do no more than concentrate on the favorite local

^{*} This article makes no pretense of being a gourmet's guide to Latin America, It merely hits a few high and low spots in my own limited personal experience. A number of extraordinarily good meals, such as those I have enjoyed in the Union Clubs of Panama City, Guayaguil, and Santiago, and the Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, have been omitted. There are two reasons for this; either the dishes served did not differ a great deal from those already described; or I simply do not remember in detail what I ate. Few of the big hotels are mentioned, on the premise that the traveler will discover these anyhow. If you find glaring omissions of excellent places to eat, it merely means that I've never had the privilege of eating in them. There is little usable information about the preparation of the dishes described. This is because I never asked for recipes, since I cannot cook. But I certainly can eat. S. S.

or national dishes, which are invariably a treat, you will store up many savory memories in a couple of months' quick swing through Latin America.

The problem of choosing your meals is best left to a friend or acquaintance who lives in the region concerned. If you know no one, entrust the choice to any good headwaiter and you will dine with Olympian grandeur. Your dictionary will be no help at all, since many of these regional dishes go by purely local names that would mean nothing even to a Spanish scholar. Indeed, some are not Spanish at all, but Indian words referring to things that did not exist in the Old World. Take the delicious tropical pitahaya, the fruit of any one of several tree-climbing vinelike members of the enormous cactus tribe. The fruit is oval, the size of an extra-large plum, with red or purplish skin. Your knife sinks easily into the meat, which is pearly white, dotted with tiny black seeds, juicy, and of rare delicacy and sweetness.

The pitahaya was outside the experience of those original Men Who Came to Dinner, the Spaniards, so they used the Indian name and found the fruit pleasing. They also found it laxative, as have later visitors. Although you may be tempted to eat four, hold yourself down to one per meal, as either appetizer or dessert.

I found my first pitahaya dangling just out of reach



In such fancy hotels as the new Tamanaco in Caracas, Venezuela, you'll dine on familiar fare labeled with unfamiliar names

beside a forest trail in the State of Chiapas, Mexico. I knocked it down with a stick, peeled it, and ate it to still my hunger. Since then, I have found it in the tropical rain forests of several countries, and occasionally in the markets. In Cali, Colombia, the Alférez Real Hotel makes a point of serving lavish platters of fresh fruit at every meal, and if you ask for a pitahaya, you will find it neatly split on the table at the next meal.

Other exotic fruits such as chirimoyas, papayas, and guavas are pretty well distributed throughout the tropical zones. So are avocados, which you will find stuffed with a great variety of things, all good. Then there is the naranjilla, a citrus fruit that conceivably occurs in other places, but which I have encountered only in



The Spanish dish paella valenciana (chicken, rice, sea food), an international favorite, is prepared by Cuban amateur chef

Ecuador. Its thick green juice was served cold as an appetizer, which it truly was. Nuances of flavor and fragrance cannot be described accurately, of course, but if it were possible to mix lime and banana in subtle proportions, the result would come somewhere near naranjilla. In the area around Aguadulce, Panama, the cashew nut also provides a highly refreshing beverage, squeezed from the pods.

Another dish not in the dictionary is juey. Juey al carapacho, to give the full mellifluous name. This fabulous Puerto Rican delicacy is the lowly land crab fattened, stuffed with herbs and seasoning, and baked with an egg sealing the hole in the shell. You won't see it on the menu at the Yankee-packed Caribe Hilton, but you will find it worth the trip to wherever you may have to go to get it. Most of the better restaurants will be happy to provide juey if you notify them well ahead. For this, like paella valenciana and the mint julep, demands of its creator plenty of time, choice ingredients, a loving hand, a pure heart, an upright character, and the soul of an artist. Two jueyes will fill you with well-being and benevolence toward mankind.

Corn and beans are the food staples of most Latin American countries, and one finds them served in a hundred different ways. Surely the most spectacular bean-based dish of all is the Brazilian feijoada, which, besides black beans, contains various cuts of pork and special types of sausage, seasoned with salt, red pepper, onions, garlic, coriander, and bay leaf. It is usually served with side dishes of rice, sliced oranges, and couve (a kind of kale). To wash down this heavy meal, Brazilians ply

themselves with batida, which is the local cachaça, or rum, with lemon juice.

In Rio you will discover a staggering feijoada at Furna da Onça (Jaguar's Den) on Avenida Atlântica, Copacabana. This restaurant is also the inspired source of many other Brazilian dishes such as the toothsome roast stuffed pork (porco assado) and farofa. There is a vast difference, by the way, between the gently bred fañofa of the coastal cities and that which confronts one in the interior. Farofa gets its character from meal of the starchy manioc root, and along the coast eggs and butter and perhaps a bit of onion give both flavor and suavity. In the thorny backlands, however, farofa sheds these decadent foibles and challenges teeth and gums with unadorned flinty particles.

Often in Colombia, Écuador, and Peru I have enjoyed locro de choclos, a potato-and-corn soup so rich and nourishing that, with salad and coffee, it makes a meal in itself. But other courses will follow—about five, as a rule. So take the soup moderately unless you have

Want to try a delectable Nicaraguan pastry?



Lest: Brazilian anthropologist Dr. Pedro de Lima samples watermelon, a new crop in Mato Grosso

greater-than-average cargo space.

Pickled ears of corn hardly bigger than a finger are a favored delicacy in the Andean countries. These tiny ears are also found in stews, such as the famed *puchero* of Uruguay and Argentina. Another integral part of a proper puchero is the marrowbone. This stew may be based on chicken, beef, pork, or almost any other meat, or a mixture of several. It is a true *potpourri* that includes rice, any number of vegetables, and a fairly spicy sauce.

Perhaps the best place to try it out in Buenos Aires is El Tropezón, an ancient, unpretentious, and revered restaurant on Calle Entre Ríos. El Tropezón reaches the full flower of its day about three A.M., after all the night clubs have closed and celebrating porteños have suddenly realized that tomorrow, with all its tasks, is upon

them. Such a thought quiets the gayest spirit, and a good muscular puchero salts down the stomach for the day's responsibilities.

The subject of Argentine food can, of course, be endless. The visitor will automatically sample the superlative wares of the London Grill, La Comega, Shorthorn Grill, and La Cabaña, and will continue to sing the praises of *lomos*, baby *bijes*, and *parilladas* long after his return home. While he is making the rounds he ought not to miss the Plaza Hotel's pepper steak.

But River Plate nourishment undoubtedly reaches its peak in the asado, roughly equivalent to the U.S. barbecue. Whole sides of beef are staked around a big, glowing bed of coals, drenched at frequent intervals with a carefully compounded sauce, and turned this way and that to get just the proper amount of heat and fragrant smoke. On a grill over the fire several different kinds of sausage sizzle. Mate is, of course, the classic drink for an asado, but of late years, many people seem to be leaning toward coffee. Good red wine from Mendoza Province is also indispensable.

When you are surfeited with the richness and quantity of Argentine food, and desire the mild astringent of a juicy grapefruit, ask the B.A. waiter for GRAH-peh fru-EET. The Spanish word, toronja, comes perilously close to a slang word unacceptable in polite society.



Barbecue, Argentine style, a ritual no visitor should miss

Another such etymological reef that has wrecked many a diner-out is the pink-fleshed, pepsin-filled papaya. Everywhere else in the world, so far as I know, the word is "papaya." In Cuba, however, it is fruta bomba, and one does well to remember it.

The original and provocative Mexican cuisine is so well known to North Americans that it is virtually superfluous to describe again the delights of guacamole,

(Continued on page 38)



E. W. H. Lumsden

Every discerning North American traveling in Latin America, or Latin American traveling in the United States, has felt at times the need of a handy guide to correct behavior—a neat compendium of information that would enable him to do a more efficient job on international relations. As one who has committed faux pas in four languages and twenty countries, I feel qualified to supply this need—and in these two parallel guides place my hard-earned knowledge at the service of inter-American travelers.

Two-way guide to CORRECT BEHAVIOR

ADVICE FOR THE U.S. TRAVELER HEADED SOUTH

Personal appearance

It is well known in Latin America that all gringos customarily dress in varicolored sport shirts, or (for more formal occasions) in slacks and sport jackets.

You will therefore pleasantly surprise the people you visit if you appear with matching coat and pants. Even in those cities with a hot climate, a suit made of one of the many lightweight materials now available, but in a conservative shade, is advisable. You should wear both coat and necktie at all times, unless of course the person you are visiting invites you to do otherwise.

Visiting cards

All Latin Americans are ardent collectors of visiting cards. In fact, it is doubtful whether a receptionist will even consider calling his boss's attention to your presence if you don't have a card. So be sure to carry an ample supply with you at all times, and give one of your cards to anyone who gives you his, even if he already knows your name. Careful statistical studies made recently by two experienced travelers in a hotel bar indicate that the consumption of cards by the average traveler is 7.4 per diem; this average may increase if you happen to be in a large gathering where an exchange of cards

ADVICE FOR THE LATIN AMERICAN HEADED NORTH

Personal appearance

It is well known in the U.S.A. that all Latin Americans, whether they come from Buenos Aires or from Rio, customarily wear Mexican sombreros and trousers split at the sides of the ankles.

You will therefore pleasantly surprise the people you visit if you appear in the usual business suit you wear at home. Be sure, however, to take into account the season of the year. If you come in July or August, you will find the climate as hot as that of any Caribbean coastal city; if you come in January or February, the climate indoors will be about the same, but out of doors you will need a good warm overcoat.

Visiting eards

The use of these in the United States is confined chiefly to salesmen, lawyers, and diplomats. When you present your card to a receptionist, she will retain it long enough to read the name over the phone, and then carefully hand it back to you so you can use it over again. If you give your card to an acquaintance, he will glance at it and tuck it away in a pocket, then at the first opportunity ask a mutual friend what your name is. Do not be offended if he gives you no card in return for yours—

breaks out. Some travelers save the cards they receive during business hours for handing out to the people they meet after dark, but this practice is frowned on by the more responsible type of U.S. traveler.

Shaking hands

No matter how often you have met a man, be sure to shake hands with him each time, first upon greeting him and again upon leaving him—even in the case of a brief encounter on the street. Remember that in most parts of Latin America a lady waits for the gentleman to make the first move to shake hands.

The abrazo

This is a maneuver indicative of closer friendship than is signalized by the handshake. There are three main types of abrazos: (a) The long-distance variety, effected by patting one's own left shoulder with one's right hand; useful for greeting friends across the room in a restaurant or club. (b) The casual, or half abrazo, which calls for patting your friend's left elbow with your right hand. This is used in lieu of a handshake when you meet or part from someone you know quite well and see frequently. Watch out for it when greeting any Latin American you have become very friendly with-it is disconcerting to reach out to shake his hand and find him reaching simultaneously for your elbow. The best riposte in such a case is to pat the other fellow on the upper left arm, (c) The full abrazo, which involves flinging your arms wide as you approach the greetee, embracing him about the shoulders, and slapping him heartily on both shoulder blades (he meanwhile will be doing the same to you). This salutation should be reserved for men you have not seen for a long time, and for whom you have a warm friendship.

Forms of address

North Americans have a tendency to address all Latin Americans, from ambassadors to bootblacks, as "señor." There is no real harm in doing so; but if you bear in mind that "señor" without the surname means "sir," you may prefer to address your social equals as "Señor Fulano" (or whatever the man's name may be). The word maestro (meaning "master") is a useful term for addressing such independent citizens as taxi drivers, foremen, and mechanics in Spanish America.

As to women, you can't go wrong if you address them all as "señora," with or without their surname—unless the lady so addressed is obviously both young and unmarried, in which case, of course, you address her as "señorita."

The use of first names is still not so common in Latin America as it is in the States. Men who would be on first-name terms in the States will often address each other by their surnames, but without the "señor"; you will do well to let the other fellow start dropping the "señor."

However, if a lady starts calling you "Smith" instead of "Señor Smith" you respond by calling her "Doña (Continued on page 37, column 1) he probably doesn't have any. But don't be discouraged; with perseverance and patience Latin Americans will eventually persuade the U.S.A. to adopt on a wide scale this very practical method of exchanging names.

On the other hand, if you attend a convention, don't be surprised if the secretary in charge of the affair pins on your lapel a big badge emblazoned with your name, nickname, and occupation. This is to help other people at the convention pretend that they remember your name. One learned Chinese who studied the matter maintained that the real reason for these badges was that gringos resemble one another so much that they have difficulty identifying even their close friends. However, this is doubtful.

Shaking hands

North Americans commonly shake hands only when being introduced, or after not having seen each other for a considerable time. Even brothers, or a father and a son, who have been parted for a long time, will usually limit their greeting to a hearty handshake. Gentlemen wait for the lady to take the initiative.

Some high-powered executives have developed to a high degree the art of the dismissing handshake. When subjected to this tactic, you will find your interlocutor patting you heartily on the shoulder, gripping you firmly by the hand, and then throwing your hand at you when he has maneuvered you to the door of his office. The correct counter-move, if you still have a few remarks you wish to get off your chest, is to step around your opponent so that he is between you and the door. This takes practice, but, done adroitly and with aplomb, gives you control of the situation.

The insult

This corresponds roughly to the abrazo. If you meet a North American friend you haven't seen for a long time, and he greets you by casting aspersions on your honesty or your ancestry, you can be sure he regards you with affection. The average gringo is much more apt to speak of a close friend's good qualities behind his back than in his presence. Similarly, if he expresses opinions with which he knows you disagree, on politics and other controversial topics, he does not mean to hurt your feelings but is assuming that good friends can differ without ceasing to be good friends. Even if the upshot is a warm argument, he would be surprised and upset if you should display any coolness toward him at your next meeting.

In the selection of insults for expressing friendly feelings, the man of taste will of course avoid those that might perhaps be true. Thus, if your friend formerly earned his living stealing horses, it would be indelicate to greet him as "you old horse-thief."

Forms of address

These present no problems in the States. All you need remember is to call every new acquaintance "Mr. Jones" (or whatever his name may be) until such time as he starts calling you by your first name; then you start

(Continued on page 37, column 2)



AN ARGENTINE'S U.S.A.

New York City December 31, 1953

DEAR GUILLERMO:

You can't imagine how delighted I am to hear that you're coming to the United States for an extended vacation. It's impossible to understand the way of life in this vast, complex country without spending some time here. You need several months at least—transportation is swift, but distances are greater than in Europe, where you can go from one capital to another in a matter of hours.

You ask for my advice about what to see and do to get the most out of your stay, so while I'm on the subject of Europe, I should warn you in advance that touring the States is quite different. Here you have not only scenery, monuments, and historic places to see, but an unfamiliar kind of people you must make an effort to understand. The movies, as you'll realize after you've been here awhile, hardly convey the true spirit of these people to the foreign audience. A U.S. waiter or a cab-driver in a film, for instance, may not seem properly respectful to us; but his apparently rude behavior is actually a demonstration of the sense of equality that prevails among all who work for a living. Similar as our two peoples are, if these minor differences are not explained, they make us look ridiculous to each other and lead to foolish antagonisms.

But you tell me you're coming to New York to get acquainted with this country. You, too, I see, are bewitched by the magic of Manhattan and are turning your back on the real United States. For—and this is axiomatic among North Americans themselves—New York is not the United States. Inland, beyond restless Manhattan and its crowded streets and skyscrapers, you'll discover descendants of those hardy pioneers who settled where the Indians lived and made a nation by tilling the soil; you'll meet the sons of men who went West in search of gold and stayed to plant vine-yards and orange groves.

Like a cocktail, New York is a mixture, and should be sampled by the tourist as an appetizer. This city of



Architectural beauty and devout congregation of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York impressed author

solid blocks reaching to the sky was made by North Americans of English, Italian, Indian, Polish, Cuban, Japanese descent, who built something of their native countries into it. Hence its heterogeneity and also its solidity. Its international character at first overwhelms the visitor. In little cities-within-a-city New Yorkers cling to the language, customs, and food of the old country.

Speaking of food, for no good reason Argentines complain about the U.S. fare. I've listened to more than one compatriot's lament on this score, prompted by his nostalgia for a "La Cabaña" steak or his morning café au lait. But this isn't quite fair, for in the major cities you can find food of every type. Gastronomically speaking, you can practically tour the world. for there are restaurants featuring French, Italian. Spanish, Chinese, Turkish, Armenian, and an endless variety of other national dishes. You can even find a steak like those at La Cabaña, only it will cost you more than in Buenos Aires. But I defy you to deviate from the menu in this country where system reigns supreme. I well remember how upset the waitress was the other day when I ordered only one vegetable with my meal. "What else?" she insisted. "See, right there it says you're entitled to two vegetables on the steak dinner-and dessert."

The North American eats the way he does because he finds it practical. Life here has a faster rhythm, and the businessman has no time for a leisurely lunch and a bottle of wine. I'm used to this by now: I lunch like a North American and dine like a European. But this doesn't keep me from treating myself to a four-course luncheon on Sundays, so as not to break the habit.

You must see New York, of course, but don't spend a disproportionate amount of time here. Consider it your duty to go to the top of the Empire State Building and to visit the Statue of Liberty. And stroll past the shops on Fifth Avenue. Window decoration is a fine art here; it pulls you right off the street into the store, though once inside you'll find nothing that can't be bought on our own Calle Florida. Browse through the museums. They rival those of Europe, and will teach you how unjust it is of us to regard this nation as uncultured. Every day and at all hours the art galleries and libraries are filled with people—families, students, tourists. And as the guides explain the pictures in detail, these "uncultured" visitors faithfully take notes.

Don't fail, either, to go to Mass one Sunday at St. Patrick's Cathedral, as fine a temple as most of Europe's. This will clear up another misconception—that people here are interested solely in material things. The first time I attended the service, I remained on my feet, according to my usual custom and, unfortunately, that of many Latin Americans, when the rest of the huge congregation knelt. But not for long. The reproachful glances directed my way made me sink to my knees, ashamed.



U.S. people "don't have to go abroad to be tourists." Washington cherry blossoms draw crow's to Tidal Basin and Jefferson Memorial

The theater is so popular here that a play may run for months, or even years. Whatever your mood, you'll find a show to suit it. Opera at the Metropolitan is brilliant, although for my money the Colón in Buenos Aires is a better theater. Most remarkable are the musicals. Lavish and tuneful, they are a faithful reflection of the United States—its humor, its gaiety, even its problems. Their music might almost be called classic, and the people love it. It follows you through the streets and catches up with you in cabs, in hotels, in bars, and at the newsstand on the corner.

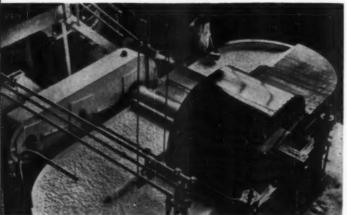
Don't make the mistake of skipping Washington. Like so many Argentines, I did myself on previous trips, and it's only recently that I have "discovered" the stately capital, in my opinion the most beautiful city in the United States. It is not frivolous like New York; it has no multitude of night clubs, theaters, and other forms of entertainment. In its silence and sobriety you can sense the deep responsibility that rests on this axis

of world politics. There are national monuments and superb museums to visit, but more than that, Washington itself is a museum. All the government buildings are open to the public—the White House, the executive departments, Congress, the Archives, even the FBI. It is dramatic evidence of the democratic conviction that the citizen has a right to see for himself what the men he voted into office are doing.

Though the city is relatively small, it gives the impression of housing more foreigners than any other in the world. Not only diplomats but members of military, naval, and air missions, special delegations, and staffs of international organizations—not to mention the foreign journalists posted there to tell the world "what Washington thinks." Much of the capital's charm lies in this touch of the foreign. Chinese, Hindus, and Vietnamese stroll the broad, tree-lined avenues in their native dress to the surprise of no one, not even the children. In one neighborhood, a pair of Pakistani adolescents, turbans and all, delivers the daily paper.

The Washington parks and gardens are beautiful, and if you go, say, to Lafayette or Farragut Square, you'll see something that bears out my opinion about the people of this country. Masses of pigeons and squirrels inhabit these little parks, and there is something touching about their instinctive confidence in the passerby as they dart up to eat out of his hands.

Factories are major tourist attraction: cellulose fibers in "beater" will be made into photographic paper





Everyone feeds the pigeons, so they show no fear of human beings

You will be moved by the interest people show in their own country. They don't have to go abroad to be tourists; they simply pile the family into the car and set off to see the United States. The accent of every state in the Union can be heard in the groups snapping pictures on the Washington streets, peering out of sightseeing busses, and following guides through the various showplaces. Another tourist attraction, oddly enough, is factories. Surprised at first by the number of people who pulled off the road and asked to see the plant, many companies now make elaborate provision for them. Parties can go through without disturbing the workers, guides explain the manufacturing processes from raw material to finished product, and in some places exhibit halls round out the picture. All this is very typical of North Americans: they want to learn the "why" of things-what makes an automobile go. how a newspaper is put together-and the people who know want to tell them.

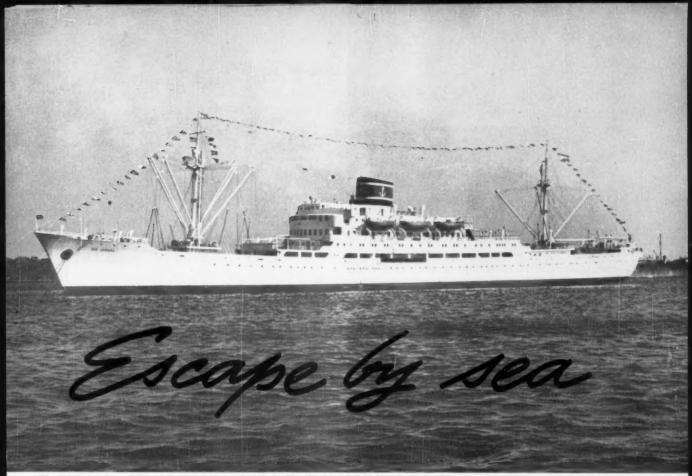
You should take a few of these tours, for some familiarity with U.S. industry is vital. Its development paralleled the growth of the country, and each depended on the other. Long-established industries like du Pont resemble the old feudal estates—except that many of their rules are designed as employee benefits and any able worker, no matter how humble, may aspire to becoming president. We are inclined to laugh at the pretentiousness of such terms as "steel king" or "oil baron," but the fact remains that often these men at the top began their careers as laborers.

If you've ever seen Iguazú Falls, you won't be impressed by Niagara. But you ought to go there anyway, if only to pay your respects to tourist tradition. The volume of water is enormous, and the scenery is spectacular, despite man's efforts to deface it with bill-boards. Two signs in strategic places warn that "Going over the Falls in a barrel is prohibited" and "Suicide is positively forbidden from this point."

Be sure to spend Carnival time in New Orleans. The celebrations in Nice and Rio are rightly world-famous, but neither surpasses Mardi Gras in Louisiana. It is no exaggeration to call it a ritual, for rival secret societies work all year on the preparations. This romantic southern city, with its wrought-iron balconies and French atmosphere, provides an appropriate setting. The people are traditionalists, still very French in customs and tastes; they would view with scorn the New York custom of perching at a counter for a quick lunch in order to get on with their business. Strange that such a city should also be the cradle of jazz, but the first syncopated chords rang out on New Orleans' Basin Street.

Next, you should head west across the Great Plains, a region that will remind you of our pampas. Like the Argentine gaucho, the U.S. cowboy is a fading but picturesque survival. The Wild West skirmishes celebrated by Hollywood and those intrepid horsemen who galloped into town to gamble away their wages at the saloon belong to the past. But today's cowboy still

(Continued on page 44)



The Argentine State Line's sleek Rio Jachal, which links New York with Rio, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires

Mary G. Reynolds

"ZESTFUL DAYS OF SUNSHINE," "dancing on deck under tropical stars," "shopping sprees in Caribbean bazaars," "marvelous food that gourmets rave about"—so read the multicolored cruise folders, which offer for 1954 the widest variety of nautical transportation between the Americas since the late thirties.

According to the travel agents, the steamship companies are finding no shortage of vacationers for whom the speed of air travel holds less appeal than the romance of an ocean voyage. In fact, to judge from the way the bookings are going, there will be more competition between the would-be passengers than between the operators, so it's advisable to make your reservations early.

Once more, as in the palmy days before World War II, you can climb a gangplank at whatever time of year the spirit moves you, and head for almost any corner of the Hemisphere. If you live in the United States, however, you will find the widest choice between December and April, when many of the de luxe transatlantic liners will be pulling away from New York and New Orleans piers and pointing their bows toward the warm waters of the Caribbean. During the 1953-54 season, over two hundred cruise ships will gladden the hearts of restaurant owners and shopkeepers at Cuban, Honduran, Guatemalan, Haitian, Dominican, Panamanian, Venezuelan, and Colombian ports by unloading a seemingly endless stream of

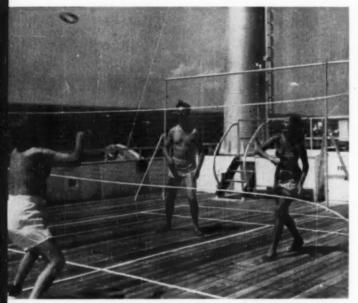
dollar-laden voyagers eager to try the local dishes and carry a load of souvenirs back to their staterooms.

Several lines provide year-round service between Central America and the U.S.A. The United Fruit Company's S.S. Chiriqui, for example, steams out of New Orleans every other Friday, bound for Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, and Tela, Honduras, calling at Havana en route and completing the round trip in ten days. Passengers so inclined can make a two-week stopover in Guatemala to see the sights of the capital, shop for textiles and pottery in the Indian markets of Chichicastenango and other highland towns, and visit the restored Mayan pyramids at Zaculeu and the ruins of Antigua.

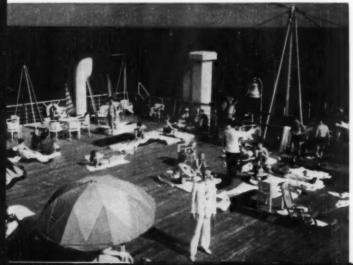
Plying the waters between Panama and the United States on a twelve-months-a-year schedule are U.F.'s other passenger ship, the Jamaica (which sails from New Orleans on alternate Fridays), and the Panama Line's Ancón, Cristóbal, and Panamá. One of these three sister ships leaves New York every Tuesday and Cristóbal every Friday; stops are made at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, on all trips, and sixteen-day package cruises from New York feature four-day inland tours in Panama and a motor trip in Haiti to the mountain resort of Kenscoff. Those who have plenty of time and like the casual atmosphere and low rates of freighter trips can travel at any season on Standard Fruit, United Fruit, or Coldemar (short for



Lido deck on the Santa Margarita, one of Grace Line's cargopassenger ships, which furnish weekly service between Valparaiso and New York



Some of the more energetic passengers aboard a Delta Liner bound for the east coast of South America from New Orleans



Compañía Colombiana de Navegación Marítima) cargo vessels between U.S., Central American, and northern South American ports.

If your time is short, your wallet on the thin side, and your prime interest a Caribbean sail that shows you one or two of the other American countries, you will probably sign up either for one of the Dominican Republic Steamship Line's weekly trips between Miami, Ciudad Trujillo, and Port-au-Prince, or for a Miami-Port-au-Prince-Kingston cruise aboard Eastern Steamship's Yarmouth. The choice in this particular field is small because, since the U.S. 15 per cent travel tax does not apply to cruises that touch at least one point in South America, most of the lines offering Caribbean jaunts from U.S. ports extend their itineraries to include calls at La Guaira, Venezuela, or Cartagena, Colombia. Although the over-all cost may be greater, the theory is that the customer will be better satisfied if he is having a longer trip for his money than if he is paying it out in taxes. Furthermore, since this always extends his stay out of the country to the twelve-day minimum, the U.S. passenger gets the added advantage of being able to bring in up to five hundred dollars' worth of purchases free of duty.

Alcoa offers weekly year-round service on its cargopassenger ships Cavalier, Clipper, Corsair (each can accommodate sixty-five travelers) between New Orleans. Ciudad Trujillo, Curaçao, several Venezuelan ports, Trinidad, and Mobile, Alabama, as well as three-week freighter trips (room for twelve passengers) to ports in Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Venezuela, Surinam, and Trinidad. As an optional side trip on either type of voyage you can take a jungle river cruise in Surinam aboard a bauxite carrier complete with air-conditioned staterooms. "All the excitement of an African safari." says the brochure, "combined with twentieth-century comfort."

Also making perennial circles around the Caribbean are the Grace Line's lush 225-passenger Santa Rosa and Santa Paula, which take twelve days for the round trip from New York, and call at Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, and Cartagena. The same line operates what it calls "casual cruises" in air-conditioned passenger-cargo ships, linking New York, Aruba (Dutch West Indies), and four ports in Venezuela.

If you're interested in enjoying Old World cuisine and the elaborate facilities of transatlantic liners without straying out of the Western Hemisphere, you'll want to look over the offerings of the European companies. Cunard's luxurious Caronia and Mauretania will make a total of five "sunshine cruises" to the Caribbean during January. February, and March, and the Furness Lines' Queen of Bermuda and Ocean Monarch will each take a turn at amplifying their customary New York-Bermuda-Nassau runs into Caribbean tours. The French Line's famous Ile de France will carry two loads of winter-haters from New York to the West Indies, Cristóbal, and La Guaira, and the company's new S.S. Antilles and S.S. Flandre will make seven trips between them, the former sailing from Houston and New Orleans and the

Holland-America Line's Nieuw Amsterdam (shown) and Maasdam will each carry several loads of sun seekers to Caribbean waters in the opening months of 1954 latter from New York. The Swedish ships that will cut furrows in Caribbean waters, plying their passengers with smörgåsbord delicacies as they go, are the Clipper Line's trim, yacht-like Stella Polaris, Swedish-American's shiny new motorliner Kungsholm (making its maiden cruise), and the Swedish Lloyd's two-year-old Patricia. Home Line's floating resorts, the S.S. Atlantic and the S.S. Italia, will take seven trips south in all, sailing from New York and New Orleans, respectively; the Greek Line's Olympia is offering one January and two February cruises from New York; and Canadian Pacific's Empress of Scotland has three Caribbean voyages scheduled.

At Havana the passengers on most of these islandhopping cruises will go ashore to see the strikingly beautiful Capitol, the Morro Castle and other fortresses, and the Maine monument on the Malecón; to sample the gay night life; and to shop for rum, cigars, maracas, jewelry, and embroidered blouses. At Ciudad Trujillo they will visit the Cathedral where Columbus is buried, the 450-year-old Torre del Homenaje, the ruins of the mansion built by the Discoverer's son Diego, and other historic places. They will sail through the middle of Willemstad, Curação, after the famous pontoon bridge opens the way, admire the quaint Dutch architecture, and roam through shops filled with duty-free merchandise from all over the world. From Cristóbal they will go on an inspection tour of the Canal; sightsee in the capital and Old Panama: maybe take a motor trip northward to the thatch-roofed villages of "the interior"; and do more duty-free shopping in the exotic bazaars of Colon and Panama City. At Kingston, Jamaica, they will catch a glimpse of colonial Britain, sample the local rum, and barter for English woolens and colorful native baskets. Most of them will clamber down the gangplank at La Guaira and climb into motor coaches for the spectacular drive through the Andes to mushrooming Caracas. Many will also get a close-up of enchanting Cartagena, Colombia, with its balconied colonial houses and narrow, winding streets, and revel in the thought of buccaneers as they view the dungeons and underground passages of the Fortress of San Felipe and ride atop the walls of Las Bóvedas. Other popular ports of call for the cruises are Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Port-of-Spain, Trinidad; St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands; and Fort-de-France, Marti-

The Cuna Indians of the San Blas Archipelago off the coast of Panama are in danger of losing their unspoiled status as increasing numbers of cruise ships deliver their loads of tourists to the islands in the early morning and leave them there until the sundown curfew. The visitors spend the day getting an idea of what life was like in the Americas before the white man arrived, and purchasing beautifully embroidered belts, necklaces, shells, sharks' teeth, and the lovely native mola blouses.

The east coast of South America is linked all year round to U.S. ports by no less than three lines. Moore-McCormack's S.S. Brazil, S.S. Uruguay, and S.S. Argentina provide fortnightly service southward from New

(Continued on page 41)

The Greek Line's shiny new Olympia has three voyages to the West Indies and northern South America on its schedule for January and February



At home on one of the United Fruit vessels that link New Orleans with Guatemala, Honduras, Panama, and Colombia



Deck luncheon on Cunard's Mauretania, which will make four "sunshine cruises" while winter prevails in the North Atlantic





Flying by LACSA (Lineas Aéreas Costarricenses) high over Costa Rica

FLIGHTS TO EVERYWHERE

Scorning mountain peak and jungle thicket, the airplane beckons the modern traveler off the beaten path and into the interior of Latin America. Now only a few hours' flight away from a major city you can soak up local color in a provincial fishing village or a remote Indian settlement. There are even air trips especially tailored for the safari-minded, who with relatively little time and trouble can give full rein to their spirit of adventure in isolated regions that were once accessible only by weeks of grueling and hazardous overland journeys.

Today Latin America is webbed by more than sixty scheduled airlines. You may never have heard of most of them unless it has been your good fortune to visit the countries they serve safely and well. Twenty-two of them stop in the United States. Many of those touching Miami and other U.S. skyports capitalize on the simple fact that the shortest distance between two points is a

straight line. Hence the "only non-stop service to Mexico City from Los Angeles in 5 hours" approach of Cia. Mexicana de Aviación; or "the only direct service to . . ." gimmick of Brazilian International Airways (Miami-Caracas on the run to Rio), of the Compañía Dominicana de Aviación (Miami-Ciudad Trujillo), of the Honduran airline Transportes Aéreos Nacionales (Miami-Tegucigalpa), and of Guest Airways (Miami-Mexico City). Of all the Latin American republics, only two. El Salvador and Paraguay, have no scheduled domestic air service. The capital cities of all the other countries are linked regularly by air to the outlying provinces. None of the capitals, of course, including San Salvador and Asunción, are more than an overnight trip from Miami, so that you may find yourself dodging New York traffic one day and Motilón Indian arrows the next.

A map of the Hemisphere's air routes suggests some of the provocative, out-of-the-way spots that are now easily accessible by plane in Latin America. Baja California, for example, is a fascinating part of Mexico long neglected by the tourist. The Mexican airline Trans mar de Cortés links Tijuana, the border town just south of San Diego, California, with La Paz, on the southern tip of the peninsula, once weekly by direct flight and four times weekly with intermediate stops in Loreto, Santa Rosalia, and Ensenada. Formerly, the pearl beds, fine beaches, excellent hunting and gamefishing, wineries, and religious communities of this region were familiar only to occasional vachtsmen and sportsmen. The often impassable highway sometimes brought in a bus after a strenuous battle from the U.S. border seven hundred miles away. Incidentally, Trans mar also offers twice weekly flights between La Paz and Ciudad Juárez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas. Besides flying over the sparkling waters of the Gulf of Lower California. the company's DC-3s penetrate the lonely fastnesses of Chihuahua and Sonora States, where prospectors still speak of the lost treasure of the Sierra Madre.

Fairner south in Central America, the Compañía Guatemalteca de Aviación (AVIATECA) will fly you from Guatemala City to Flores, in the heart of the Petén jungle, where the latex to make chewing gum is gathered from the sapodilla trees. Over in Belize, British Colonial Airlines has thrice weekly service to Cayó, deep in the



Resort Airlines is only scheduled air carrier in the world licensed to fly vacationers exclusively. Here a group of them board their plane in Haiti

mahogany forests, and once each week from both Belize and Havana, British West Indian Airways flies to the seldom visited Cayman Islands in the Caribbean, noted for their expert turtle fishermen and skilled boatbuilders. From nearby Kingston, Jamaica, an occasional BWIA plane flies to Grand Turk in the Turks and Caicos Islands, geographically a part of the Bahamas, but politically joined to Jamaica, where an industry of distilling salt from the sea water has been carried on for centuries. Down in British Guiana on the north coast of South America, British Guiana Airways makes regular flights into the bauxite country that produces the aluminum used in making everything from toothpaste tubes to the airplane you'll take to fly there.

Venezuela holds a variety of exciting possibilities. From Caracas, it's a simple matter to visit the oil wells around Lake Maracaibo; you can choose among eighteen daily flights to Maracaibo. Three local airlines—Línea Aeropostal Venezolana (LAV), Aerovías Venezolanas (AVENSA), and TACA de Venezuela—fly to Porlamar on the pearling island of Margarita. There you can eat delicious oysters so fresh they wink at you, and buy pearls at considerably lower prices than you would pay

American World Airways or LAV, this trip takes you into the isolated country of hidden fortunes in gold and diamonds south of Ciudad Bolívar that inspired Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. Captain Baughan maintains a camp on a beautiful jungle lagoon where his guests can swim, fish, and hunt.

In Colombia similar beautiful, but desolate, country is accessible via Avianca, the national airline, to Villavicencio and Mitú in the still largely uncharted and trackless *llanos*, a region that has much in common with the Texas cattle country. Considering the jumbled topography of the land, it is hardly surprising that Colombia has the "Oldest Airline in the Americas . . . Organized 1919." Colombians depend on planes to leap over the three mountain ranges that barricade the country's major population centers. So you can fly almost anywhere for your sightseeing, whether to visit Bolívar's hacienda in north coast Santa Marta—on a plane owned by Líneas Aéreas Nacionales (LANSA)—or the high-lying colonial city of Popayán in the south, which clings to four centuries of tradition.

When air service from Guayaquil, Ecuador, was first established some ten years ago to the neighboring towns



Brazil's western backlands in Mato Grosso State today enjoy regular air service. Trips that once took months are now a matter of hours



Passengers and cargo sometimes share the cabin on local runs in Latin America

at Cartier's. In the strictly adventure category, you can fly into the totally undeveloped Gran Sabana, land of the boa constrictor and the jungle cat. LAV has a scheduled weekly flight from Ciudad Bolívar on the Orinoco River to Urimán, Santa Elena, and Icabarú, in the unexplored region that was the setting for the strange romance of Mr. Abel and Rima, the bird girl, in W. H. Hudson's incomparable *Green Mansions*. Expedition fans will also be interested in the occasional week-end junkets from Caracas by chartered plane—at \$100 a head, all expenses included—to Venezuela's remote Angel Falls, the world's highest. Led by Captain Charles Baughan, who is contacted through the Caracas office of Pan

of Cuenca and Loja, it caused a sensation. For the first time, the Panama hat center and the seat of the national faculty of law, respectively, were brought literally within minutes of the country's second city. Today there are daily flights (except Sundays) by Aerovias Ecuatorianas (AREA), which also flies three times a week between Quito and the Pacific port of Manta, which lies on a lovely bay. In this tranquil corner of Ecuador you can relax on a fine beach as well as watch the local people make buttons out of the tagua nuts—vegetable ivory—produced in the region.

Before the advent of the airplane, it used to take limeños months to reach Iquitos, in northeastern Peru



Stay at jungle camp is included in Captain Charles Baughan's charter-plane tour from Caracas to Angel Falls, Venezuela



Safeguarding even the most remote Hemisphere air routes are radio control towers like this one at La Ceiba, Honduras

on the upper Amazon. They could go the hard way—a cross-country trek by truck, muleback, and riverboat—or the long way—by steamer to New York and Liverpool, boarding another ship to Manaus, Brazil, then transferring to riverboat. But today's traveler can take off from Lima in a Faucett Airlines DC3 or DC4—they leave four times weekly—and land in Iquitos three and a half hours later. A statue of World War II President Manuel Prado commemorates the first visit to this distant town by a Peruvian head of state. Incidentally, the men's club in Iquitos is the first prefabricated building erected in the Western Hemisphere.

Brazil offers unlimited opportunities for the air traveler in search of out-of-the-way destinations. Once a week, for example, a Catalina flying boat leaves Manaus on the Amazon for such hitherto lonely river points as Benjamin Constant; Leticia, Colombia; and Iquitos, Peru. Consórcio Nacional de Transportes Aéreos has opened up the vast forests and mineral deposits of Brazil's Far West. Passengers on its regular flights from Rio to the spotless town of Aragarças find themselves in real frontier territory, for Brazil built this now-flourishing settlement in the late forties as a base for development of the sprawling Mato Grosso. Even the backwoods town of Rio Branco, in the remote territory of Acre on the Peruvian border, where jungle rubber grows, is regularly scheduled by Serviços Aéreos Cruzeiro do Sul, which also hops into Porto Velho, in the Territory of Guaporé, bordering Bolivia. It offers such exotic items as Brazil nuts, animal skins, jaguars, and the crocodile.

In Bolivia, Panagra and Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano (LAB) make frequent flights into the Beni region (northwest of the town of Santa Cruz and noted for its top-quality rubber) and into Santa Cruz Province, one of the most isolated centers of civilization on the whole continent. In about an hour by air from La Paz, Latin America's highest capital, you can be in the yungas, those deep valleys covered with semi-tropical forests that surround the lofty altiplano on which the capital is perched.

Línea Aérea Nacional of Chile wings thrice weekly from Santiago to Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan. while Ushuaia, the southernmost town in the world, on the Argentine side of Tierra del Fuego, is linked to Buenos Aires by Aerolíneas Argentinas. The latter route is the one made famous by the late Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in his magnificent book Night Flight, an account of his experiences as one of the first pilots flying the then hazardous Patagonian mail route.

These are only a few of the unusual journeys open to the traveler with imagination who is ready to sample more than the capital cities. He may find that accommodations in the interior leave much to be desired, although even far-away Manaus now sports a fully airconditioned luxury hotel (The Amazonas). If he has to make his own reservations and handle other bothersome details of getting about, perhaps lug his own baggage on occasion, at least he won't need a fancy wardrobe. And he'll garner plenty of rewarding experiences to relive back home.—W. B. A.



Still largely unmapped, the llanos of Colombia are nevertheless dotted with airfields served by Avianca

a word Bernardo Houssay



In 1947, thirty-six years after he received his medical degree in Buenos Aires, Dr. Bernardo Alberto Houssay saw his efforts in behalf of science rewarded with a Nobel Prize in Medicine. His work in endocrinology and on diabetes, high blood pressure, and poisons, as well as in other experimental fields, is famed around the world. Now president of the Argentine Society of Biology, he also directs the privately supported Institute of Biology and Experimental Medicine in Buenos Aires.

"In Argentina today," he remarked, "private funds maintain several research centers. The same thing is happening in other Latin American countries, like Brazil and Chile. This is something new in South America, and a noteworthy advance."

I saw Dr. Houssay when he stopped off in Washington to check on research on insulin secretion being carried on at the National Institutes of Health in nearby Bethesda. Maryland. He was on his way back from the Nineteenth International Congress of Physiology, held in Montreal last fall. At that 1200-man gathering, Dr. Houssay presided over the discussions of insulin metabolism and also the closing session. (The last assignment he took so seriously that he gave a speech in six languages and expressed his thanks for the applause in twenty-six, winding up in Guaraní.) Later he participated in the round table discussions of the International Council of Scientific Societies in Ste. Marguerite, Quebec, where experts analyzed the future course and limitations of physiological research. Next came the Laurentian Conference on Hormones at Mont Tremblant. Then on to Toronto, where the local university gave him an honorary Doctor of Science degree, and to Princeton to attend a lecture on lesions of the liver. After the Washington stopover, he was to visit Western Reserve University in Cleveland and the Universities of Minnesota and Chicago.

I asked if he would lecture on this trip. "From now on I'll simply be an observer," was the reply. "It has been some time since my last visit to this country-in 1949-and I want to study the scientific progress made in the interval rather than spend my time preparing lectures, so I have refused all invitations along that line.'

"What, in your opinion, is the most advanced scientific center in the United States?"

"That's an impossible question to answer. In its own field, each has a unique importance, and in every one you find this common trait of the U.S. people: the conviction that organized work gives substantial results, that everyone is obligated to help his fellows. People here are serious and hard-working, and the only factor that disturbs the research process is excessive journalistic publicity. I agree that the public must be informed, but without sensationalism. The most recent example of damage from this quarter was the case of gamma globulin for poliomyelitis. The public clamored for this temporary vaccine when it had not yet even been established for sure whether or not the injections impeded natural immunity. All this was due to the propaganda in the press last year.

Dr. Houssay's mention of the press brought up two subjects that are in the papers every day: atomic energy and international politics. On the influence of atomic developments on medicine, he declared: "In medicine today, radioactive isotopes are used for tracing substances within a living organism to see how they penetrate the tissues, how much remains there, and how they are transformed. This procedure speeds up research and is a splendid method of

study, diagnosis, and treatment."

My query about international politics brought this comment: "I wish the same kind of relations prevailed among governments as among men of science. There is no reason for conflict among scientists, because they have common interests; advances made in any country are beneficial to all the rest. For my part, I firmly believe in the principle of academic freedom. The teacher needs freedom in his research, freedom of discussion, and freedom of expression. This is the guarantee of a country's moral strength. Fortunately, I have always been surrounded by dedicated colleagues who have little regard for wealth or poverty, two factors that are equal hindrances to effective work."

"What have been the greatest satisfactions of your life?" "The work itself, though at times tiring, brings the most satisfaction. Teaching is also rewarding, for it gives us a chance to watch young minds develop, to see the students acquire personality and intellectual vigor. And the laboratory, with its unending research, provides inexhaustible pleasures."

Dr. Houssay's three physician sons are continuing the scientific dynasty. "There is one unfortunate fact in the world of science," he told me, "and that is that the researcher, although he is intellectually independent, is not so economically. As a result, in many cases governments or business put pressure on him in order to take advantage of his knowledge for political or commercial ends."

"What qualities do you consider indispensable in a scientist?"

"Methodical imagination and critical judgment."

When I inquired about his plans for the future, he mentioned, among other things, that at the Congress of Physiology he met many European scholars and some Russian scientists invited him to visit their country. "I don't know Russian," he explained, "and it doesn't seem natural to me to visit a country without knowing the language. When I have overcome that difficulty, I shall visit the Soviet Union.' In his place most men would consider their work done, but he now proposed to learn the most difficult language in the world in order to get better acquainted with a nation that puzzles humanity. During the course of our conversation, Dr. Houssay confided to me that one of the greatest pleasures of his stay in Washington had been his frequent visits to the National Gallery of Art. And the man who was a professor at twenty-one ended by saying: "I have never understood people who presume they no longer have anything to learn, or who disdain some experience because they suppose it won't contribute anything. There is no place in the world that doesn't interest me. I have learned in life that however modest the place I visit or the person I happen to meet, it or he never fails to teach me something. The man who resists learning does it because he is unreceptive or because he is so armored with vanity that nothing can penetrate it."-Lillian L. de Tagle

At climax of Bolivian carnival pageant, "Archangel Michael" condemns defeated devils to return to infernal realm

IT IS THE SATURDAY before Ash Wednesday in the mining town of Oruro, Bolivia. Momus has reached the wasteland, and these are festive days in the little city of the winds. Old and young pour into the main avenue and crowd together on the sidewalk, eagerly awaiting the maskers. Just as every year for more than a century, a curious group of boisterous dancers is the center of attraction: the *Diablada*, or troupe of devils, who burst upon the carnival scene in a blaze of color and spectacular choreography.

The children who line the route emit howls of terror as a "bear" and a "condor" clear the way. The procession is headed by two masqueraders more luxuriously costumed than the others, representing Satan and Lucifer. Alternating with them in the lead are "St. Michael the Archangel" and the "China Supay," the only feminine figure in the group. Behind, them, hundreds of dancers decked out in ferocious devil costumes stretch back over fifteen blocks or more. Leaping, shouting, and pirouetting, they slowly snake their way along in a stunning pattern of perfectly synchronized movement.

BOLIVIA'S

Luis Ramiro Beltrán

Photographs by Alfredo Linares



Wing-flapping "condor" clears the way for a Diablada, troupe of devil dancers from Oruro, Andean mining center



Oruro dancers, pictured at La Paz folklore festival, display massed vigor, grace, and precision in traditional ritual

The parade ends in the little plaza of the Socavón and gives way to a ceremony that is the culmination of two or three months of exhausting rehearsals. To the rhythm of "devils' marches" played by a band hired especially for the occasion, the demoniacal masqueraders tirelessly execute intricate group figures, while from time to time one of the dancers contributes a graceful solo turn.

When the dance has finally ended, the troupe acts out an allegorical play in Spanish depicting the *Diablada's* mystic and mythological theme. At the angry command of the Archangel Michael, the devils slink in: Lucifer, Satan, seven figures representing the cardinal sins (Pride, Avarice, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth) and the China Supay, the devil's wife, who plays the role of carnal temptation. Frightened by the angelic invocation, they denounce their own evil-doing and are finally condemned by the Archangel to "return to the depths of Avernus and stay away from the human flock."

The Bolivian writer Rafael Ulises Pelaez describes the pageant in detail. "The basis of the production is none other than the Biblical passage narrating the rebellion of the devils in the successive stages of the eternal struggle between good and evil. Essentially moral, the work presents a religious theme within the vernacular culture of our people. . . . The passage begins with a dialogue between two powerful angels, one (Michael) representing harmony and the other (Lucifer) symbolizing discontent and bitterness. The conversation and dispute take place on the very border of Avernus. . . . At the Archangel Michael's call, the celestial legions arrive and the first battle takes place, with victory going to the devils. They invade the earth to exterminate Christianity, and war breaks out again before the eyes of the mortals, fearful onlookers at this struggle of giants. The one who decides the result in favor of the angels is the Virgin of the Mine (Virgen del Socavón), Patroness of miners. In the end, the devils are defeated and must suffer the ignominy of confessing their sins. . . ."

After the performance, the dancers contritely enter the chapel of the Virgin of the Mine, where, on bended knee, they take off their suffocating masks to intone a



Hand-embroidered dragons and dancing figure enliven "devil's" elegant silk cape



"Lucifer, King of the Underworld," leads troupe in ferocity and athletic prowess



Men dressed in women's clothes dance sensual role of "China Supay," the devil's wife

mournful hymn and recite a prayer in Quechua, in which they ask their Patroness for the grace of pardon

and the mercy of her protection.

It is very doubtful that the showy costume of the Oruro devils, with its gaudy colors and shiny ornaments, represents the Indian idea of the devil ("Supay"), or stems from native sources. On the contrary, in the opinion of most students of Bolivian folklore, almost all its elements, except for the semi-Incaic short skirt and certain other small details, have Spanish roots. The costume always features the heavy, gruesome mask modeled in plaster over a special fabric, with a toad or snake on top; huge glass eyes; triangular looking-glass teeth; a horsehair wig; and pointed, vibrating ears. Tied around the neck, a large silk shawl embroidered with dragons or other figures enhances the elegance of the dancer, who also has a jeweled, fringed breastplate. Over his white shirt and tights he wears a dark, broad sash trimmed with coins, and from it hang the four flaps of the native skirt, embroidered in gold and silver thread and loaded with precious stones. Special boots equipped with spurs complete the elaborate outfit, which costs the equivalent of about \$110 U.S. In addition, Satan and Lucifer sport

all maintain the same general characteristics.

An interesting feature of the fiesta itself is the fact that all the expenses involved during the whole week of carnival, except for the cost of the costumes, are paid by one person, who may easily spend more than a million bolivianos on food, entertainment, and liquor for the troupe. The "celebrator," as he is called, is generally a rich mestizo, who derives two-fold benefits—religious and social—from this unbounded squandering; the number of blessings presumably varies in direct proportion to the amount of money spent, while the more splendid and generous the fiesta, the greater the respect and prestige enjoyed by the sponsor in his own circle.

The origin of the *Diablada* is lost in the obscurity of time and legend. We know for certain, however, that it began in the colonial period, almost immediately following the Conquest, although undoubtedly in a rudimentary form that has since been modified. In fact, through the years the *Diablada* has probably undergone

One of the best-known versions of its origin

One of the best-known versions of its origin tells how two Spaniards, failing to extract the secret of the location of a mine from an Indian, took advantage of their



In spoken drama, "Archangel Michael" conjures devils in turn. Ceremony concludes with prayer to Virgin of the Mine

expensive cloaks of scarlet plush, a serpent twisted around one arm, and a trident. The working-class Oruro district known as "La Ranchería" is particularly famed for the excellence of the costumes and masks made there.

Traditionally, the *Diablada* was performed only by Indians, most of them mine workers to whom the annual dance was a kind of rite in honor of the Virgin of the Mine. To win favors or indulgences, they vowed to dance three years in succession. Not long after 1925, groups of mestizo slaughterhouse workers adopted the custom. Finally, around 1940, young men of the middle class also joined the dancers' ranks. Now, after various feuds and rivalries, there are at least four *Diabladas* in Oruro, but



Indians and mestizos make up the band, but their monotonous, martial tunes, while very old, are not native

victim's superstitious nature and terrified him into disclosing his secret by appearing disguised "as the devil himself." Other accounts place the origin of the dance in the mine, the dwelling place of the devil Tiu, the King of Darkness, to whom men had to pay homage in order to evade his spells. According to that version, the Indians finally sought the protection of divine power through the Virgin of the Mines. There is, of course, no concrete or documented evidence to settle the question. But whatever its origin—in tradition and legend, religion and myth, or art and superstition—the *Diablada* of Oruro is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and vigorous manifestations of the folklore of the Americas.

EMBASSY ROW



The Ambassador and his boxer on the embassy terrace. Dr. Chiriboga also likes horses, and goes riding with OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico on week ends.



Dr. José R. Chiriboga V., Ecuadorean Ambassador to the United States and to the OAS and new Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council, was formerly mayor of Quito, his native city; the achievements of his administration are recorded in the vellum and carvedwood book in his lap, presented to him when he left office. Educated in law, Ambassador Chiriboga was for many years professor of territorial law at the Central University in Quito. He has also served as Assistant Secretary of Interior and as Secretary to the President.



Ecuadorean locro is on the menu as an AMERICAS staff member lunches with the Ambassador. Native dishes are served often. There is Ecuadorean music at the embassy too, from Dr. Chiriboga's fine record collection.



The handsome embassy is virtually a museum of Ecuadorean art—silver, wood figures by the seventeenth-century Indian sculptor Caspicara, and rugs similar to those given by the government to the UN. The Ambassador lives here with his elder son, fifteen-year-old Hernán; Mrs. Chiriboga, unable to join them in Washington because of her mother's poor health, is in Quito with Enrique, who is ten.

points of view





NEW BLOOD FOR THE NEW WORLD

IN ONE OF his recent columns in the Colombian newsweekly Semana Eduardo Caballero Calderón recounts a moving incident about a boatload of immigrants and the whole problem they symbolized:

"Five years ago I returned to Colombia from Bordeaux in a ship loaded with immigrants bound for Maracaibo, Venezuela. The ship was of Portuguese registry, and when I stepped on deck, it looked so old and flimsy that I was tempted to go back down the gangplank and cancel the trip. My fears were confirmed when I heard afterward that the vessel sank in Lisbon harbor on its way back to Bordeaux.

"Almost all the passengers came from France, Spain, and Italy, and ... the Venezuelan government had offered them land and bread—the two things that interested them most at that time. During and after meals many of them recounted their life stories. The Italians recalled the fateful days when troops were fighting on their peninsula, destroying bridges and cities and devastating the land. The Frenchmen described the horror of the first months of the war when an avalanche of Nazi armies tore their country into shreds.

And the Spaniards told of the many years they spent in southern France, where they lived after the 1936 revolution, trying to be content with just thinking about their lands, homes, relatives, and friends on the other side of the Pyrenees. I was the only person on the ship who was leaving Europe with sadness; the rest were tired of it. For the immigrants, America represented something more than peace and freedom. It was the future, which in Europe was growing more obscure and uncertain every day. The older ones remembered World War I, and their early memories were set against a backdrop of burning woods, shelled cities, and roads clogged with army vehicles and wounded people fleeing to unknown destinations. None of the immigrants wanted their children to go through the experience of a third world war, which, even if it spared their lives, would destroy their confidence in the future. . . .

"When, after twenty days at sea, the vessel finally arrived in Venezuelan waters, the immigrants wept with happiness. That narrow strip of sand, that shadowy row of palm trees, those blue mountains on the horizon, were not only evidence of a prosperous and kindly new land; they were the image of the peace, security, and faith in the future the newcomers had lost in

Europe. After they left the ship, carrying their luggage and mementos (accordions, illustrated booklets about their countries, native costumes, and so on), only a handful of passengers bound for Cartagena remained on board. Then something happened that I have not been able to forget, and which I think is worth telling here because it gives such a vivid idea of the intense desire of these people to transplant their homes and take root in America. The ship was being towed away from the port by tugboats when seven stowaways, who had come aboard in Bordeaux and been discovered on the high seas, escaped from the brig. They lacked papers, money. and even a change of clothes. As soon as the door was unlocked after the ship drew away from the dock, they jumped one by one, without a moment's hesitation, into the sea and swam furiously toward the thin strip of sand, that shadowy row of palm trees, those blue mountains on the horizon...

"Venezuela is receiving these people with open arms. In the last century Brazil and Argentina built their prosperity on the shoulders of immigrants. Without them, the miracle of the United States would never have happened. Now Colombia, a little belatedly, is planning to beckon them through its Institute of Immigration and Colonization. They will improve our race, enrich our customs, and teach us to give thanks to God that we were born here rather than in any other part of the world."

TEATIME

"Mate [pronounced MAH-tay]—a kind of peace pipe when you toast with it, a friend in itself when you savor it alone—is fundamentally a matter for Sundays." So writes Horacio Raúl Klappenbach in the Argentine monthly Continente. That being the case, the fragrant beverage makes an appropriate topic for his regular "Sunday in Buenos Aires" department. He continues.

"There are, to be sure, those who like it for breakfast, and will even sacrifice a few minutes' sleep to gulp some down rather than face the daily grind without any. To treat the drinking of mate lightly is irreverent—like

the way some young ladies cross themselves quickly, almost furtively, when they pass a church, or the way some men take off their hats for a hearse and disguise the gesture by scratching their heads. If you do these things at all, you must do them openly and scrupulously. Yet, because of their love of the life-giving Ilex paraguayensis (as the botany professors call it), one can almost forgive those who drink it on the run for their cavalier attitude; one can almost forgive even their leaving the gourd to be washed when they get home. Perhaps the fellow who invented powdered mate . . . had them in mind. But this sort of thing is like going horseback riding on one of those machines at the downtown clubs.

"The large Argentine cities (Buenos Aires in particular) and Montevideo are possibly the only European-type centers where mate has caught on as a popular custom. Asunción is another kind of city, and in Santiago they sell tourists curious gourd containers with handles but seldom actually drink the stuff. The mate session there has remained a rural, even an old men's custom. With us, on the other hand, this chlorophyllous infusion-as it is now called to keep up with the latest fashion in snobbish therapeutics-is a genuine, tacitly accepted national symbol in spite of finicky hygienists. coffee importers, and admirers of Frankie Laine and the existentialists. So much so that we find it necessary to carry some along on trips abroad as a sustaining extension of our native land, though this awakens suspicion in people elsewhere. I know of an Argentine novelist who had a good bit of trouble explaining his innocent 'Paraguay tea' to the border guards of a distant country. And after all this, he was asked at the hotel if it weren't a narcotic.

"When it comes to the merits or dangers of mate, the doctors—as usual—do not agree. Years ago, apparently, it was supposed that coffee, tea, and mate each contained a different drug, more or less similar but decreasing in intensity in the order listed—that is, mate was the least stimulating of the three beverages. . . . But now it has been discovered that the drug in all three is caffeine and they have equal



amounts of it; some think mate is the strongest because of the prolonged sucking at the same leaves and the addition of fresh ones involved in a long mate session. At the same time. certain doctors recommend mate extensively as a general tonic, a mild laxative, and so on. This would corroborate the popular belief that it is a refreshing, inoffensive, almost irreplaceable stimulant. So much for the Hippocratic fraternity and its diverse theories. The fact is, mate seldom does healthy people any harm, and its prestige gives it no small psychological value in counteracting cold or heat, fatigue or insomnia, hunger or lack of appetite, according to the circumstances.

"Although mate survives as a custom, there has been a certain deviation from the orthodox rules for preparing it, which were highly complicated, especially in rural areas. In my opinion, if deplorable adulteration is to be avoided, we must preserve at least one requirement: the porous and properly cured vessel, whether of wood (lignum vitae, for example, which contributes its peculiar aroma), of calabash, or perhaps even of the right kind of pottery, though this is better suited to the morning emergency mate than to the peaceful Sunday ritual. In any case, those interested in the traditional rules will find a comprehensive collection of them in Amaral Villanueva's Mate. Exposición de la Técnica de Cebar.

"As long as I'm speaking of the bibliographical implications of mate, I might well point out that the national drink has inspired not only serious research but beautiful pages in another mood, by authors ranging from Rubén Darío (whose subjects were not always Parisian or Oriental) to nativists like

Yamandú Rodríguez. . . . And certainly what goes so far as to strike the imagination of the poets—who are often behindhand on traditions long since incorporated into the popular repertoire—has penetrated deeply into the national consciousness, to the extent of having helped shape it.

"So it is that a holiday or a Sunday afternoon is the best time for rendering tribute . . . to the national custom. As a symbol of friendship it is so well established that even when mate has not been served, we show a departing friend that we don't want him to leave by saying rhetorically: 'No, stay and have another mate!' Prattling gossips. friends listening to a football game or talking about books, old Creoles or Creolized gringos, a girl entertaining her 'young man,' all warm their hands with the friendly vessel. And in the country they know it's time for a break when the traditional ceremony is performed in full."

AND THE RAINS DIDN'T COME

What with the recent prolonged droughts, the profession of rainmaking has been gaining a firm toe hold in Brazil. However, judging from this sad tale recounted by Darwin Brandão in the pages of the Rio weekly *Manchete*, the going is not always easy:

"The village of Posses in the state of Rio recently experienced the most exciting days of its uneventful existence. . . . The hero was a little old man, Janot Pacheco, the nation's best-known rainmaker.

"Posses underwent radical changes. Dozens of reporters, radio announcers, photographers, and motion picture men noisily took possession of its only hotel. . . . The whole village converged on one spot-the local soccer field. where Professor Janot had his bonfire going. Trucks kept arriving and dumping things out: firewood, cylinders of compressed air, charcoal, bags of salt. boxes, straw, and a complicated, silvery contraption. Posses was scared, and so were the drivers of the cars and trucks passing by. But nobody stopped looking. The local bar exhausted its supply of liquid refreshments. No one wanted to go to bed. In the midst of all this commotion. Professor Pacheco brewed his mysterious potions under the watchful eves

of the citizens. . . . He looked like a wizard as he kept throwing things on the fire that caused the flames to leap to great heights. A gentleman wrapped in a cloak who had been observing everything in silence said: 'This is the biggest voodoo ceremony I have ever attended.'

"The voodoo continued through the night. . . . Thousands of quarts of a water-and-sodium-chloride solution were poured on the fire, and every now and then the professor would add



Professor Janot locating the expected rains on the map.—Manchete, Rio de Janeiro

a jarful of acetone and iodide. The flames illuminated the whole field....

"When daylight returned, and the few who had gone to sleep came back to catch up on the developments, the professor was still pacing back and forth, mixing potions, throwing things in the fire. He didn't sleep a wink, and paused only to talk to reporters. The rains were coming. Didn't the reporters see those cumulus clouds that had formed as a result of his operations? In a little while the plane would come to seed them with dry ice. Then rain would fall on the land and on the Paraíba River and its tributaries: it would fill up Lages Creek, and he would return to Rio happy.

"It was a morning of expectation. But before noon the sun appeared, warm and discouraging. The plane didn't show up. The bonfire continued to burn. The professor kept feeding it with acetone, nitrate, and iodide. And watching the sky. Night came but not the rains. The rumor went around that it had poured in Paraiba do Sul. The press rushed over. Just a few drops, and the professor had promised a flood. That evidently was not his rain.

"Another morning. Skies more heavily overcast than the day before. The bonfire still burning and the old professor faithfully standing by it. Still no rain, but he never lost his optimism. 'The rain is there,' he said. 'It's just a question of seeding the clouds.' And, to be on the safe side. he put on his raincoat. He was still hopeful, but he had to return to Rio. The reporters went with him, and so did the movie men, the photographers. and the radio announcers. The big carnival was over. Posses returned to its customary serenity. The reporters were disappointed. The only one who still believes in the rain is the professor.

"This report was written on the fourth fruitless day of 'operation rain-making.' It sprinkled in Rio, in Petrópolis, and in other towns of Rio State. Even near Lages Creek. But the big rains haven't come yet, and most of the people in Posses don't believe they ever will. . . . Meantime, the professor is continuing his experiments. And he's still wearing his raincoat."

THE AZTEC EAGLE

THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS' new Swiss-built train, which started making regular runs between Mexico City and Nuevo Laredo at the tag end of the summer, caused quite a stir in the press. The first excerpt is from Todo and the second from Mañana, both pictorial newsweeklies:

"The service of the National Railways of Mexico is better than ever,' was the sincere and enthusiastic comment of a Pullman Company official who went on the inaugural run of the new luxury train the 'Aztec Eagle.' And he added that the European equipment recently acquired by the railroad compares favorably with the best that is now being used in the United States or anywhere in the world.

"We quote this opinion because it cannot be called partial or exaggerated, coming as it does from someone who is thoroughly acquainted with the rolling stock of the most advanced nations and therefore knows what he is talking about. We Mexicans are justifiably proud that our railways now rank with the world's best, offering our visitors from abroad as much in the way of convenience and com-

fort as anyone could hope for. . . .

"It is not a patriotic overstatement to say that we now have something to match the Le Havre-Paris trains or the Côte d'Azur Express or the 'City of Los Angeles,' the 'Broadway Limited,' and the 'Twentieth Century Limited,' as the 'Aztec Eagle' has palatial sleeping quarters, observation cars, bars, and restaurants, and everything else to please even the most discriminating traveler. . . .

"The management of the National Railways, ably headed by Roberto Amorós, has done a titanic job of streamlining and reorganizing the service, and has succeeded in considerably increasing the number of passengers carried. In the first nine months of 1953 more than seventy groups of bankers, businessmen, teachers, professional people, and students came down from the United States, and spoke highly of our railroads after they returned home. . . . More praise came from a delegation of directors and technical men from the State Railways of Uruguay. . . ."

"Recently, a group of travel agents and representatives of the Missouri Pacific, the Illinois Central, the New York Central, and other U.S. railroads went through the train. They were impressed by the cars with sections and bedrooms, which, apart from their push-button climate control, have partitions that give those occupying a section (consisting of an upper and lower berth) an area to themselves during the day. The bedrooms are designed for four persons. . . .

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"Each bedroom and compartment has its own sink and toilet, plus an upholstered armchair that can be folded and pushed under the bed at night. A fastened-down double seat completes the luxurious furnishings. To accommodate large families, two or more bedrooms or compartments can be joined, so that the journey can be made in homelike intimacy. Every compartment has its own warm- and cold-water shower, complete with colorful plastic curtains, and there are showers at either end of the cars for the use of bedroom occupants.

"Everybody agreed that there would be a large public waiting to try out the luxuries of the new train."



books

LATIN AMERICA FOR U.S. CHILDREN

Muna Lee

A FEW MONTHS AGO, a book was published under the impressive title A Critical History of Children's Literature. Its four authors-Cornelia Meigs, Anne Eaton, Elizabeth Nesbitt, and Ruth Hill Viguers-are all people of stature in the field; the book itself, a sizable volume, is packed with information, some of it hard to find elsewhere, most of it interesting, much of it useful to those concerned with books for children. But what a misleading title! Fortunately, the subtitle gives a better idea of what the volume really is: more "A Survey of Children's Books from Earliest Times to the Present" than a "history." As neither one, however, is it truly "critical"; not, that is, if criticism is understood to imply balance and perspective rather than multiplicity of detail and abundance of enthusiasm. And there is such marked neglect of one area—the Hispanic—as to suggest ignorance.

What, for example, are we to think of critical judgment that freely acknowledges the important place often held in children's reading by books primarily intended for adults-Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights—but completely ignores Don Quixote? Jules Verne is treated respectfully but Cervantes is passed over. It is also difficult to understand the critical method that includes Around the World in Eighty Days and Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, but omits The Three Musketeers and The Count of Monte Cristo, which for so many young readers have been argosies to romantic adventure. Nor is it easy to explain how Paul and Virginia came to be forgotten, since, however little it is read today, its historical place in the literature of childhood is firmly established. And why not at least a mention of Jorge Isaacs' Maria, successfully published in two English translations, or of the translations of Horacio Quiroga's enchanting jungle tales?

Regarding Hispanic books altogether, it is not merely what is left out (as is almost everything from or about the Iberian or Ibero-American world), but the uncer-

tainties and confusions manifested in dealing with the little that is included. For instance, a laudatory paragraph on W. H. Hudson, "English naturalist," not only fails to mention his American birth and parentage but omits all reference to his Argentine background, the fertile earth from which he derived shape and color for his creative genius. Even the reference to Washington Irving's Legends of the Alhambra, which is dealt with as a study of folklore (though with the admission that the author supplied "some details from his imagination"), indicates unfamiliarity with the vividly glowing wealth of local color in that interpretative evocation of Granada.

While the book has positive value as a reference item for librarians, teachers, and parents, it would be improved not only by these additions but also by cutting many of the pleasant, gossipy passages on the inconclusive love affairs of some writers of children's books and the matrimonial felicity of others, and by excision of repetitions undoubtedly due to the fact that four authors collaborated on the volume. And the next edition might well employ a title more accurately describing its purpose and content.

On a lower level than *Don Quixote* or even *Maria*, to be sure, U.S. publishers are not quite so unaware as these authors are of their country's southern neighbors. A number of recently published juveniles, some factual, others fictional, deal capably and vividly with the Western Hemisphere.

The long campaign waged by William C. Gorgas against, yellow fever and malaria, and the cooperation he gave and received in working with medical men of other countries, is the basic theme of a solid little volume by Beryl Williams and Samuel Epstein, William Crawford Gorgas: Tropic Fever Fighter. Carried on in Memphis and Havana, Colón and Kimberley and Johannesburg, it was never one man's campaign. The authors give emphatic credit, for instance, to the vision and research of Dr. Carlos Finlay and to the heroic collaboration of Dr. Aristides Agramonte and the other members of the Yellow Fever Commission that labored so magnificently

in Cuba. But the book is not, nor is it intended to be, the story of yellow fever. It is a biography of Gorgas, and as sheer narrative it is absorbing. We see how native inclination and outside circumstances combined to shape a life of devoted service to mankind. Not only Dr. Gorgas himself but the other characters in his story are understandingly portrayed. This is an American story in the widest sense, since it shows how Americans of different countries, working for a common purpose, achieved an American victory over a universal enemy.

Achievement of another kind is celebrated in Rose Brown's Bicycle in the Sky: The Story of Alberto Santos-Dumont. Here we have a book deserving a wide and avid audience of young readers, and likely to find it. It grips your attention from the endpaper line drawings depicting the progressive development of Santos-Dumont's balloons and dirigibles to the triumphant final statement that now, fifty years later, what would most please Santos-Dumont himself is not the honors he so much deserved but "the constant arrival and departure of great planes at the Santos-Dumont Airport, planes that now link all countries through the skies." The narrative begins, as it should, with the small boy on the coffee plantation in Brazil, experimenting with kites, and continues through Santos-Dumont's remarkable series of achievements: ascents in Paris, work with the Aero-Club in France, construction of his own dirigibles. The inspiring story is told imaginatively and accurately, and is made still more vivid by the plentiful, equally imaginative and accurate illustrations.

On the local scene, Story of the Presidents of the United States of America, written and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham, packs a remarkable amount of painless information, with no overcrowding, into eighty pages. A useful reference work, it presents the Chief Executives from George Washington to Dwight D. Eisenhower in brief but very informative biographical sketches and decorative two-color drawings.

Since very little can be of more interest to children than how other children live, it is good to note that several authors have done well by them in this aspect of inter-Americanism. A Hero by Mistake, a delightful little story of Mexico, flows along as limpid as a folk tale in



Illustration by Robert Burns from William Crawford Gorgas: Tropic Fever Fighter, a biography for children

Anita Brenner's effortless prose, set off by Jean Charlot's rhythmic line drawings. It tells of Dionisio, who was greatly afraid and who did what he feared to do and so "really became what people thought him to be: a brave man." His testing takes a form children will delight in: Dionisio, timorous of firecrackers, makes himself ride to what he thinks is a christening where firecrackers are madly sputtering. When he gets there he finds not firecrackers and a baby but blazing weapons and five burglars. By routing them with his valiant bugle, Dionisio becomes the hero of the village.

The River Horse, by Nina Ames Frey, tells the story of Arana, a Guatemalan Indian lad on the shores of Lake Atitlán, who, having once seen a horse, dreams always of someday having one all his own. It is also the story of a colt-like danta, the "river horse" of the title, an animal akin to the tapir, which Arana finds in the jungle and takes home to tend. Mayan legend and Guatemalan history are lightly but deftly woven into the tale as it moves easily to its happy ending, which holds a horse for Arana and a safe home in the zoo for the danta.

Marion Isabelle Whitney is not only an excellent teller of tales but an experienced geologist, and in Juan of Paricutin she gives an exciting and authentic account of how a volcano burst into fiery life in Uncle Dionisio's cornfield, spewing ash and lava over the countryside. and how its frightful irruption changed the lives of an entire community. Because the author enters sympathetically into the minds and hearts of the child Juan and his family and their neighbors, because she shows their awe at the implacability of nature and their fearfulness at man's mischance, she makes her story come alive for the young reader. This story is too realistic for a "happy ending," but it has what is perhaps more satisfying even for the very young: an ending that shows how a stricken' region and its stricken inhabitants can adjust valiantly to harsh conditions.

The stories children all over the Hemisphere listen to are collected by Ruth Elgin Suddeth and Constance Gav Morenus in Tales of the Western World. While more than half originated in the United States, we also find Uncle Bouqui from Haiti, Juan Bobo from Puerto Rico. the Argentine Picaflor, the Guatemalan God of All the Animals, Juan Oso from Mexico, and tales from Lake Titicaca. French-Canadian and Eskimo make their contribution, as do Zuñi and Cherokee. Legend and historical anecdote, pre-Columbian myth and tall tales from the Midwest, come into lively and somewhat haphazard association in these colorful pages. The U.S. material. for example, includes not only Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Possum and Johnny Appleseed, but Davy Crockett and. rather astonishingly, Casey Jones (presented with considerable license) as well. On the whole, the selections are well chosen and skillfully told, and they should give young readers some sense of the unity in Hemisphere

A book of similarly widespread origins is *The Puerto Rican Singer*, which has both Spanish and English songs accompanied by the music. Some were made up by children themselves; some are age-old European sur-

vivals; others derive from Latin America and the United States. Those in English have been provided with Spanish translations by María Luisa Muñoz of the music department of the University of Puerto Rico. Though the book is not of this season's vintage, it is still easily obtainable.

Finally, three books present the world of nature in a way to make almost any child in almost any American republic look more closely at the living creatures near at hand-crab or porcupine, hummingbird or termiteand at the patterns of their daily life. Lavishly illustrated in color, sometimes with several drawings to a page, The Wonder World of Insects, by Marie Neurath, is an exhibit of marvels that should astonish and delight its youthful audience. The glowworm's lamp, the wolf spider's silken shawl, the caddis worm's movable stone dwelling, compete for attention with parasol ants that grow mushrooms, froghoppers blowing bubbles to build a house, armadillos raiding the castle of the termites, and Hercules beetles from Brazil as large as a full-grown swallow. Carroll Colby's Who Went There? and Who Lives There? show, respectively, the tracks and trails of forty-four assorted creatures and the nests, dens, burrows, and the like, of various insects, birds, and beasts. Singly or together, these two delightful little pocket-size handbooks should kindle a child's imagination and stimulate his powers of observation. While the geographic range is wide, such close-to-home friends as the cat, the dog, and the cow are also included.

And the titles I have mentioned by no means exhaust the possibilities. Despite their number and variety, they offer only a sampling of the long inter-American bookshelf now available to U.S. children.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, by Cornelia Meigs, Anne Eaton, Elizabeth Nesbitt, and Ruth Hill Viguers. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1953. 624 p. \$7.50

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS: TROPIC FEVER FIGHTER, by Beryl Williams and Samuel Epstein, with illustrations by Robert Burns. New York, Julian Messner, Inc., 1953. 184 p. \$2.75

BICYCLE IN THE SKY: THE STORY OF ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT, by Rose Brown, with illustrations by Ann Sayre Wiseman. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. 183 p. \$2.50

STORY OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, written and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1953. 80 p. \$3.00

A Hero by Mistake, by Anita Brenner, with illustrations by Jean Charlot. New York, William R. Scott, Inc., 1953. 44 p. \$2.00

THE RIVER HORSE, by Nina Ames Frey, with illustrations by Renee George. New York, William R. Scott, Inc., 1953. 150 p. \$2.50

JUAN OF PARÍCUTIN, by Marion Isabelle Whitney. Austin, Texas, Steck Publishing Company, 1953. 168 p. \$2.00 TALES OF THE WESTERN WORLD: FOLK TALES OF THE AMERICAS, collected by Ruth Elgin Suddeth and Constance Gay Morenus, with illustrations by Warren Hunter. Austin, Texas, Steck Publishing Company, 1953. 281 p. \$2.50

THE PUERTO RICAN SINGER, edited by John W. Beattie and others. New York, American Book Company, 1952. \$1.20

THE WONDER WORLD OF INSECTS, by Marie Neurath. New York, Lothrop, Lee, and Shepherd, 1953. 36 p. Illus. \$1.50

WHO WENT THERE? and WHO LIVES THERE?, written and illustrated by Carroll Colby. New York, Aladdin-Books, 1953, 48 p. each. \$1.00 each



THE RAW MATERIAL OF HISTORY

THERE ARE MANY kinds of history—the Impassioned History of an event as seen by those who staged it, and the Ignominious History of the same event, told by those who endured it; history written by the conqueror, lauding to the skies the victories of its sublime troops, and by the conquered, which heaps odium on those responsible for the defeat; history for children, in which lies are legal if they tend to develop patriotism; history as interpreted by political parties, in which it is demonstrated with copious data that only when their doctrines prevailed was glory achieved. (The words of the national anthem of any country on earth ring in my ears now, and the ghosts of all the conquering kings flit between me and my pages.)

In a few short years, for example, we have seen various histories of Russia superimposed: Russia buried under a mountain of laurels blossoming with all the virtues, Russia daubed with mud. Yet it is all the same Russia—the nation that attacked Finland and signed a pact with Hitler, the nation that allied itself with the great democracies and neutralized their victories. It is the nation of deportation and assassination, according to people who have read only the Ignominious History, and the acme of culture, wisdom, and well-being, according to those who study the Impassioned History.

There is also another history—that dreamed of by

Julio Guillén, director of the Alvaro de Bazán Archives of Americana at Viso del Marqués, in the province of Ciudad Real, Spain. This is history composed by those who never knew they were making it, the natural fountainheads that spout waters sometimes crystalline, sometimes turbid, but always authentic. These waters, in order to yield up their teachings and warnings, must be collected in sterile containers and analyzed in the laboratory with the reagents of criticism, with the acids of science and art, learning and sensitivity, in various proportions.

It is not true, as many people think, that Julio Guillén dwells only in the sixteenth century. His is too restless and inquisitive a mind for that. He will begin like a Gothic scholar studying a harbor chart and end up a true romantic on the heaving deck of a ship. So from time to time he grants himself a holiday from his systematized solitude in the Archives to breathe the air of another century and feed his insatiable curiosity with new discoveries. One day something just right leaped from a file, and he baptized it "Independence of America Paper No. 1" (so far did his project outstrip his intentions that it is now "Paper No. 3972"); then he decided to prepare a place to put his specimens in the hope that some time or other a historian would undertake to analyze them.

They are on my desk now, 4,600 of them in two quarto volumes. They smell of privateering and vanilla; of pitch, and French contraband sheltered by the U.S. flag; of despair on the high seas at Madrid's uncomprehending policy, and of a misunderstood Madrid throbbing with very post-Revolution liberties and strange, very post-Napoleonic ideas of Holy Alliance and secret societies. Above all, they smell of salt from the sea, perhaps to call attention to the problems that only the sea can solve.

This is the raw material of history, and I only wish I were a historian qualified to do the laboratory work these papers deserve.

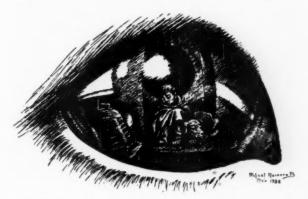
If you want to know why America is America, you must find it out in the waters illuminated by Julio Guillén's patient restlessness and in the sea itself, the scene of all the great fights. To do this, you need not open all the drawers yourself; Guillén's indexes, occupying a third volume, are so complete that with no fear of error I can assure you they are the best you have ever seen, for they answer some questions even before you think of them.

I should have liked to amplify this notice with a discussion of some of the topics, but among so many matters of interest it would be difficult to avoid sins of omission or of forgetfulness, even with the book in front of me.—Indalecio Núñez

INDEPENDENCIA DE AMÉRICA. INDICE DE LOS PAPELES DE EXPEDICIONES A INDIAS. Independence papers and index edited by Julio Guillén. Madrid, Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas, Instituto Histórico de la Marina, 1953. Volume I (1807-1817), 384 p. Volume II (1818-1839), 280 p. Volume III (Indexes), 133 p.

DOCTOR TURNED AUTHOR

In Latin America physicians frequently turn author and statesman—the study of anatomy being apparently a good apprenticeship for either profession. Mexican literary circles were hardly surprised, therefore, by the appearance of Raoul Fournier's La Urbanidad y Otros Cuentos (The Urbanidad Theater and Other Stories). It was the logical outgrowth of the brilliant doctor's deep and active



Drawing by Rafael Navarro B. from La Urbanidad y Otros Cuentos

interest in his country's artistic and cultural life.

Though Fournier is not primarily a surgeon, the sharp scalpel and the corrosive disinfectant of the operating room are present in every one of the five stories that make up this book. Once in a while the physician's bedside philosophy appears, as in the comment that "mares, even when they are at the edge of the tomb, appreciate an anatomical compliment more than a measureful of the best grain."

The heroes of the stories are varied: a fin-de-siècle moth, a stuffed elephant, a realistic cat, a broken-hearted dog, and a couple of frail human beings. Possibly the most touching of the stories is the one entitled "Mariposa y Girasol" ("Butterfly and Sunflower"). These improbable, high-sounding names belong to half-dead horses, a couple of those unlucky animals used by picadors in the bullring. The sadness that, like its gaiety, is so much a part of Mexico, and the fatalism of its humble folk, are somehow communicated undiluted in this dialogue of the two fated animals.

Fournier has wedded a high degree of urbane sophistication to the typical expressions, humor, and reactions of the poor classes, creating an unexpected and charming combination. His imagination has nothing in common with the realism of a Hemingway or a Faulkner; if anything the stories may be comparable to Maupassant's or some of the fables of Rubén Darío's youth. The atmosphere is interpreted visually by Rafael Navarro's delightful pen-and-ink illustrations.—Alice Raine

LA URBANIDAD Y OTROS CUENTOS, by Raoul Fournier Villada, with drawings by Rafael Navarro B. Mexico City, EFSA, 1953. 53 p.



During his recent state visit to Washington, Dr. Luis Antonio Eguiguren (second from left), president of the Peruvian Supreme Court—a post which corresponds to that of Chief Justice in the United States—was honored at a cocktail party at the Pan American Union given by OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle of Peru (left). On hand to welcome the distinguished visitor were two justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, Sherman Minton (second from right) and Harold H. Burton. Ambassador Lavalle is also a member of the Peruvian Supreme Court, now on leave.



After delivering an address at the special session of the OAS Council held in his honor, Bolivian Foreign Minister Walter Guevara Arce (second from left) received enthusiastic applause. Around the conference table were (from left): OAS Ambassador Luis Oscar Boettner of Paraguay, who is also his country's envoy to Washington; OAS Ambassador René Lépervanche Parparcén of Venezuela, and OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico.





New Chairman of the OAS Council is Dr. Héctor David Castro of El Salvador, Ambassador to the United States and OAS. Elected to office on November 18, Ambassador Castro has been a diplomat for the past thirty-three years with all of his posts in the U.S.A. He has been rector of the University of El Salvador and his country's Minister of Foreign Relations. He is also a judge and lawyer. As a result of the same election, the Ecuadorean Ambassador to the United States and OAS, Dr. José R. Chiriboga, became the new Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council (see "Embassy Row").



On a trip to the Spitz Laboratories in Philadelphia to examine the planetarium soon to be installed at the Centro Municipal de Divulgación Científica in Montevideo, the Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States, Dr. José A. Mora (right), chatted with the instrument's designer, Armand N. Spitz (center), and Captain Eduardo Beraldo, naval attaché of the Uruguayan Embassy. The Model B Spitz planetarium is the first large planetarium to be produced commercially in the United States and is noted for its versatility and easy operation and maintenance. Still a curiosity in Latin America, planetariums are also being erected in São Paulo, Brazil, and Mexico City.



When OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado of Colombia and Mrs. Delgado (center) gave a dinner for the Colombian Foreign Minister, Dr. Evaristo Sourdis, and Mrs. Sourdis at the Pan American Union recently, they paused with the honored couple to receive guests outside the Hall of the Americas. Earlier Minister Sourdis addressed a special session of the OAS Council that was held in his honor, followed by a luncheon given by the Council members.

Passing through Washington, participants in the programs of the Inter-American Institute for Rural Youth and of the International Farm Youth Exchange, sponsored by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the 4-H Club Foundation, made a tour of the Pan American Union recently. At a luncheon that followed, the delegates, from both the United States and Latin America, had an opportunity to talk over their experiences as exchange observers in various countries.

ADVICE FOR THE U.S. TRAVELER

(Continued from column 1, page 13)

Mercedes," or whatever her first name may be. That may seem to contradict the statement about not using first names too freely, but first names prefixed by the title "Don" for men and "Doña" for women are a respectful and yet familiar form of address, with no precise parallel in English. Top employees might use it for the boss of the company; younger men display courtesy to their elders in the same fashion. If some elderly and respected businessman becomes friendly enough toward you to call you "Smith" without the "Señor," you would do well to address him as "Don Pedro," even though you yourself have a receding hairline and are so important back in the States that your assistants call you by your initials.

Ladies, young, contacts with

Outside of literary and artistic (i.e., "Bohemian") circles and the international high-society set, it's a safe bet that no family of social standing will approve of their daughter's accepting an invitation to go out with you alone in the evening, unless they have some European or North American background. Better resign yourself to having sister, mama, or aunt come along too; in fact, be a good sport and invite them in the first place. Or better still, unless your intentions are matrimonial, confine your interest in young ladies to meetings at the country club or cocktail parties.

This austere warning does not, however, apply to conversation. There, your own good taste and your dexterity with a poetic phrase are the only limitations—save such as may be imposed by some jealous and less gifted rival.

General observations

Latin Americans all know that North Americans are rather naïve, childish people, impatient with delay, uninterested in the finer things of life, and absorbed in thoughts of commerce. In the interests of the good neighbor policy, it is important that you behave the way you are supposed to. Thus you avoid upsetting your Latin American friends, who feel superior to you and therefore like you very much.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1-1 Gourde-Haiti

2-g Sol-Peru

3—i Córdoba—Nicaragua

4-a Balboa-Panama

5-f Boliviano-Bolivia

6-m Sucre-Ecuador

7-b Cruzeiro-Brazil

8-h Guaraní-Paraguay

9-c Colón-Costa Rica

10-j Lempira-Honduras

11-d Peso-Chile

12-e Quetzal-Guatemala

13-k Bolívar-Venezuela

ADVICE FOR THE LATIN AMERICAN

(Continued from column 2, page 13)

using his first name too. The same rule will apply to women.

The word sir is not often used in the States any more except by people who are expecting you to tip them, and not always even then; by boys and youths from certain private schools that ape the English; and by elderly gentlemen of the old school. Much more common in conversations between people who don't know each other's names—for instance, you and your taxi driver—are such expressions as "friend," "pal," "bud," or "mac," all of which have somewhat the same effect as "vale" or "compadre." "Mister," without any surname, is often used, and is perhaps a trifle more formal.

In addressing women, "ma'am" or "miss" are the safest. Although truck drivers and other uninhibited males are more likely to say "sister," "kid," "babe," or "beautiful," this takes a certain savoir-faire that the inexperienced traveler needs time to acquire.

North Americans are fond of titles—but not all titles. A businessman who is a doctor of philosophy will try to keep that fact a secret. On the other hand, druggists (who are not doctors) are usually called "Doc" by their trionds.

Similarly, a man who formerly was a colonel in the army will usually prefer not to be called by his title, unless he is a retired professional soldier. But a man who has been appointed to the imaginary and purely honorary office of aide-de-camp to a state governor is entitled to be called "Colonel"—and loves to hear his title.

Some office-holders should also be addressed by their titles—for example, "commissioner," "sheriff," "mayor"; if you wish to be very respectful you might say "Mr. Mayor."

Ladies, young, contacts with

Even the most uninformed traveler from Latin America knows nowadays that North American parents, even those of the strictest propriety, have long ago become used to having their daughters go out with men unaccompanied. But the young unmarried working woman living alone is a phenomenon that still seems to perplex some newcomers. Regardless of what imaginative Tenorios may tell you, the great majority of secretaries never see either their bosses or their bosses' business acquaintances outside of the office. And whether the young woman lives alone or with her parents, she is likely to have fairly rigid ideas as to what constitutes gentlemanly behavior on the part of a newly met escort, and will know how to enforce them.

General observations

North Americans all know that Latin Americans are rather naïve, childish people, impatient about practical details, uninterested in efficiency, and absorbed in thoughts of poetry, women, and revolutions. In the interests of the good neighbor policy, it is important that you behave the way you are supposed to. Thus you avoid upsetting your North American friends, who feel superior to you and therefore like you very much.

THROUGH LATIN AMERICA WITH KNIFE AND FORK

(Continued from page 11)

toasted tortillas, tacos, a score of different kinds of empanadas, or meat pies, tamales, and the countless Mexican egg dishes. I don't know where chicharrón, the puffed-up, deep-fat-fried flakes of pigskin, was invented, but it was in Mexico that I first sampled this delicacy.

I should like to knock down the myth that all Mexicans drench their food with the hottest pepper obtainable. True, certain dishes do call for pretty spicy seasoning, but in many Mexican homes food is served completely unpeppered. Here and there on the table is a saucer containing a dozen or so small, tapering pods of hot pepper. As he eats, each diner nibbles at these fiery objects, taking in much or little seasoning, or none at all, as he desires.

Along the west coast of South America the explorer will come face to face with seviche. This is a first course composed mainly of raw fish marinated in lime juice, peppered to rival molten lava, and served cold. If you are sensitive to highly seasoned foods, you are seriously advised to stay clear of it. In the Trocadero in Lima my wife complained after two bites that her glasses were fogging over. If you can take the pepper, you will find seviche wonderful. Beer helps, by the way.

Lima is blessed with a number of top-notch restaurants. of which the Trocadero is one. Others are Chez Victor. which, though it is usually crowded, somehow manages a leisurely atmosphere and efficient, unobtrusive service. and Lima de Antaño, devoted to fabulous dishes of the colonial era. And no one should leave Lima without trying the Maury. In that ancient hotel you can wander from one immense dining room to another until all sense of time and direction is lost. The walls and corridors in the Maury are lined with mirrors and glass cases in which florid colonial silverware reposes, and all the waiters seem venerable, quiet, and expert. Lima also boasts a good choice of Chinese restaurants, locally called chifas. With only slight concessions to geography, these serve delectable versions of the Chinese dishes available in New York or San Francisco.

While on the subject of good restaurants generally. I should like to compose an ode to the Temel, in Bogotá. The food there is generally more cosmopolitan than criollo, but in the Temel I have never found any dish less than excellent.

I shall also long remember hallacas, a particularly Venezuelan edition of minced beef pie that sent me full and content from the great Hotel Jardín in Maracay; the kidneys in wine at the Hotel Avila in Caracas; and the magic worked on red snapper by the chef at Chez Ernesto, which stands beside the Caribbean at Macuto, not far from the big airport at La Guaira.

Preparation for a visit to Chile should include fasting and prayer, for the traveler will have a rough time. Chilean hospitality is intense, continuous, and full of bubbling spontaneity that deludes one into thinking he can keep up the pace for a few more days when he is really ready for the grave. In many visits to that narrow land compressed between sea and mountains I have never



Country restaurant near Quito, Ecuador, features roast boar's head during Holy Week

discovered when Chileans sleep. I believe it must be between 5:30 and 6:00 A.M., unless there is a party somewhere. Usually there is.

In any case, cooking in Chile takes its place with music, literature, and the other arts. The *chileno* seems to eat for the purpose of appraising and appreciating the *expertise* of a chef rather than simply to keep his body going.

For me, at least, the most memorable of Chilean dishes come from the sea. The frigid waters off the coast teem with fish and crustaceans of every sort and condition, and the turbulent snow-born streams spilling down the rocky flanks of the Andes are thickly populated with enormous trout that seem to have no higher ambition than to leap at a hook.

One of the most unlikely seafood dishes can best be described as a fish custard. Bits of shredded whitefleshed fish are incorporated somehow with eggs. worcestershire sauce, chopped olives, and a subtle and complex seasoning of herbs. Dreadful as it sounds, the practical result is absolute poetry. Locos is another Chilean specialty-abalone pounded to tenderness, then gently cooked, seasoned, and served. The immense lobsters from the Juan Fernández Islands are consumed on the mainland in variety and with enthusiasm. I believe the chef in every hotel in Chile has his own privatelyarrived-at perfection for oysters. They are all different. and all wonderful. Until my brain deteriorates with age I shall remember with gratitude the sweetness and delicacy of the firm white meat of the centolla, the giant Magellan Strait spider crab, that appeared on my plate one star-spangled night in the dining room of the Hotel Cosmos in Punta Arenas.

This is as good a place as any to warn the reader about the *erizo*, Chile's answer to the hydrogen bomb. The erizo is a spiny sea-urchin whose glistening grey flesh is rich with iodine. No Chilean ask's a newly arrived visitor if he has tasted erizo until they have talked of other matters for at least an hour. But inevitably the question comes.

Surely no more revolting savor ever outraged a civilized palate, and I cannot explain the alchemy by which, after four or five bouts, erizos suddenly become delicious. Few foreigners will attack the erizo a second time, but

those who do achieve a taste for them are elevated to the status of honorary *chilenismo*. More than once a Chilean has introduced me as "my friend, a North American who likes erizos."

Some dishes become enshrined in memory through a special combination of mood and geography. One day in Guayaquil my wife and I were panting along Nueve de Octubre Street, dripping with the humidity of the coastal "winter." We sank into chairs in a big sidewalk cafe and asked for shrimp in mayonnaise. Normally there is nothing extraordinary about shrimp in mayonnaise. But we were hot, tired, and limp. The shrimp were icy cold, crisp, and fresh. The mayonnaise was heaped over them in fluffy golden peaks of just exactly the proper blend of suavity and tartness. We ate and reveled, and thereafter no day passed without shrimp in mayonnaise until we left Guayaquil.

Once in a while the adventurous diner will find himself in a gastronomic deadfall whence there is no courteous exit, save by eating his way out. When this happens, I beg him to be a man, eat, and if possible smile. To do otherwise is rudeness to the host, whose only reward is the pleasure of demonstrating his country's customs to a foreigner. If such philosophy should fail the visitor, he can think of the good conversation these rare instances will make after he returns home. It isn't everyone who can describe in detail the taste of a worm, grasshopper, monkey, lizard, or beetle.

That beetle, incidentally, is part of the erizo saga. As some oysters have pearls, so certain erizos support at their centers a small parasitic black beetle, and discovering one of these causes the true Chilean gourmet to crow with delight. He plucks the hard-shelled jewel from its setting, tilts his head back, raises the beetle in ecstatic trajectory, and crunches it between his teeth. I am sorry to say that I flunked the beetle test.

The Mexicans have their own standard trial for the foreigner. This is the maguey worm, a fat white fellow who is extremely tasty when newly crisp-fried in butter. But he looks like nothing so much as a fat white worm,

and the average visitor turns away in horror. However, it is not necessary to be brave about the maguey worm for courtesy's sake. Mexicans have seen so many foreigners go pale at the sight of one that the offering has become more a practical joke than a serious gesture of hospitality.

The edible lizard is the five-foot-long iguana, flamboyant descendant of the prehistoric dinosaurs. It is enjoyed in all parts of tropical America where it occurs. A middle-sized one costs \$1.25 in the big general market in Panama City. The meat, often described as tasting a good deal like chicken, is white, tender, and wellflavored. It never seemed like chicken to me, but neither did it taste quite like anything else I could remember. Very good, though.

I have eaten roast monkey in the rain forests of the Amazon Basin, and I must say that all present enjoyed it. We were all hungry enough to eat our boots at the time, and I have no idea whether monkey would seem so tasty without hunger's spur. Few things do.

My first severe trial in such matters involved grass-hoppers. One day many years ago, in the course of a long, poverty-stricken walking trip through Mexico and Central America, I arrived footsore and all but broke in Oaxaca. I lodged at a mesón (accommodating both people and animals) where I paid ten centavos a night for a bare room with hooks at each corner for a hammock. I had no hammock, but when my pudgy, jolly, barefoot host. Don Angel, found that I was preparing newspaper articles about the trip, he lugged in a spavined table on which I could write by day and sleep by night.

Presently Don Angel hit upon the happy scheme of broadening my experience by having his wife prepare each evening a special dish typical of the region. This he would bear in a triumphal one-man procession to the table where I sat writing. He would stand and watch me consume every bite, quivering with eagerness for my approval. This was easy to give, since I was always hungry and the dish always excellent.

One evening I sat making my notes when Don Angel appeared on schedule in the doorway. He carried a large wooden bowl over the rim of which I could see the scalloped edges of large green leaves.

"Ah," I thought in anticipation. "Some exotic salad or perhaps some fruit."

"Do you like chapulin?" Don Angel inquired, beaming from the doorway. I beamed back. "I'm sure I shall," I said cordially. "What is chapulin?"

He advanced to the table and swept the bowl down to the level of my eyes. It was filled with small green grasshoppers. Uncooked. Legs and all. Shock must have showed in my face, for he hastened to reassure me.

"They are very good!" he exclaimed, and proved it by scooping up a generous pinch of the little creatures and munching them vigorously.

There was only one thing to do. I ate the grasshoppers while Don Angel watched happily. A few detached legs lay scattered in the bottom of the bowl. With spurious enthusiasm I scavenged these one at a time and ate them, too. I said they were delicious.

Travel Map ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMERICA alrine coutes steamship routes MEXICO ICA DOMINICANA VENEZDELA LEOLOMBIA WHAT TO WEAR SUMMER CLOTHING can be worn all year in: the Mexican coastal regions; the Caribbean islands; the lowlands of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica; all of Ei Salvador and Panama; the Caribbean coasts of Colombia and Venezuela; the Pacific coasts of Colombia and Ecuador; the Guianas; the Amazon Valley and the Brazilian BRASIL coast south to Bahia. And in these places during the seasons noted: the U.S.A., June-September; the Peruvian coast, northern and central Chile, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, southern Brazil and coastal region from Bahia to Rio, December-April; Paraguay, September-May. BOLIVIA MEDIUM-WEIGHT CLOTHING should be worn during the seasons noted: in the U.S.A., March-June and September-November; in the highlands of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, Guatemata, rionduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, all year; in the moderately high sections of the Venezuelan, Colombian, Ecuadorean, Peruvian, and Bolivian Andes, all year; in Buenos Aires, Montevideo, southern Brazil, and central Chile, mid-April to June and October to December; in the Peruvian coastal region, June-November; in Paraguay, June-August. TOPCOATS, SWEATERS, AND HEAVY WRAPS are recommended for: the U.S.A. (except extreme South), November-April; the highest regions of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Venezuela, all year; the Chilean-Argentine lake region, April-December; Buenos Aires, Montevideo, southern Brazil, and central Chile, June-September. ARGENTINA NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO OR WHEN, you should take a raincoat, comfortable walking shoes, sun glasses, and an extra pair of specs.

ESCAPE BY SEA (Continued from page 19)

York to Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Buenos Aires, and northward from these ports to New York. These "Good Neighbor Liners" offer all varieties of accommodations, from spacious living and bedroom suites with private verandas to four-berth cabins on C-Deck. The round trip between New York and Buenos Aires takes thirty-eight days and allows time for shore excursions in all ports, which include, on some of the sailings, Barbados, Bahia, and Montevideo. Passengers with less time to spare can sign up for a twenty-four-day cruise to Rio and back, or an eleven-day cruise to Trinidad. Moore-McCormack also operates twelve-passenger freighters between U.S. east and west coast ports and Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina.

The streamlined new sister ships of the Argentine State Line—the Rio de la Plata, the Rio Jachal, and the Evita—also furnish regular transportation between the Argentine, Brazilian, and Uruguayan capitals and New York. These eighteen-thousand-ton vessels carry 116 passengers, all first class. For U.S. passengers going south they provide a chance to start right in sampling Latin American dishes and practicing Spanish on the largely Argentine staff. The forty-four-day round trip from New York to Buenos Aires includes three days in Rio, two in Santos, one in Montevideo, and ten in Buenos Aires. There is also a twenty-nine-day cruise to Rio, where the passengers spend six days, returning to New York on a different ship.

The Delta Line's Del Sud, Del Norte, and Del Mar ply back and forth between the same South American ports (plus Curaçao and St. Thomas) and New Orleans. Like most postwar passenger vessels, these ships are completely air-conditioned and their staterooms are all outside and have private baths. Every two weeks you can catch one southbound from New Orleans, St. Thomas. Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo, and northbound from Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio, and Curaçao. The full round trip takes forty-two days.

Service between South American west coast ports and New York is furnished by the twelve-passenger freighters of the Chilean Line and by Grace Line's passenger-cargo ships (with cabin space for fifty-two) and regular freighters. The Chilean Line vessels call at Cristóbal, Guayaquil, Callao, Arica, Antofagasta, and Valparaíso, and will drop or pick up passengers at any one of these. The Grace Line "Santas" leave New York every Friday, and those aboard have time for brief shore excursions in the Canal Zone; Buenaventura, Colombia; Guayaquil, Ecuador (reached by a forty-mile yacht trip up the Guayas River); Talara, Salaverry, Callao (the port for Lima), and Mollendo, Peru: Arica, Antofagasta, and Chañaral, Chile. Of course, passengers can make longer stopovers at any of these ports or, if they're interested in vacationing in Santiago, Viña del Mar, or the lake district, at Valparaiso (they have about a day and a half there if they go back on the same ship). Northbound "Santas" leave once a week for New York, making the same stops and picking up passengers at any of them.



A familiar landmark on the Caribbean routes is Havana's Morro Castle, built in the sixteenth century by slave and convict labor



Most cruise passengers stopping over in Guatemala will carry home textiles and pottery from the Indian market at Chichicastenango



Ready for passengers debarking at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, is the new Hotel Balneario, designed to capture breezes off the bay The trip takes eighteen days each way.

People with the time, money, and inclination to do a really thorough job of seeing the Americas can go down the east coast via Delta, Moore-McCormack, or the Argentine State Line, then fly over the Andes from Buenos Aires to Santiago or make an overland crossing through the Argentine-Chilean lake district, and sail up the west coast via Grace, the Chilean Line, or as far as Panama on the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Liverpool-bound Reina del Pacífico, and then on to New York via the Panama Line or to New Orleans via United Fruit's Jamaica. The lines cooperate in offering 10 per cent round-trip discounts on such combinations, provided they are arranged in advance.

Cook's and other travel agents run personally conducted tours of this sort from New York, and similar trips can be individually arranged from Buenos Aires. Rio, Santiago, or any of the other principal ports of call. For those who want more time ashore, yet don't want to give up the delights of an ocean voyage, many types of air-sea combinations can be arranged. The Brownell Travel Bureau, for example, runs a thirty-nineday "Southern Cross" tour using Braniff planes from Dallas, Houston, and Miami to Panama, Lima, Santiago, and Buenos Aires, then Delta ships northward to New Orleans.

The Kungsholm will sail out of New York harbor February 6 for a fifty-five-day cruise around South America, going through the Canal, then heading down the west coast, through the Strait of Magellan, and up the east coast. The sixteen ports of call will include the San Blas Islands, Más a Tierra off the coast of Chile, and Punta Arenas, that country's southernmost city. This elegantly decorated seagoing hotel has a capacity of eight hundred passengers for transatlantic crossings, but for cruises will hold the guest list to 390.

So the traffic promises to be increasingly heavy in the sea lanes of the Hemisphere. From all appearances, 1954 will see record-breaking numbers of farewell parties in flower-filled staterooms and many thousands of landlubbers acquiring their sea legs, as more and more Americans ride the waves to see each other's countries.

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INTER-AMERICAN CRUISES-1954

(All rates are exclusive of shore excursions. Cruises end at port of origin unless otherwise specified.)

Under 8350

8 DAYS, Miami to Port-au-Prince and Kingston, Sailings every Thursday through April 1. \$160 up plus 15% tax. Eastern Steam-

10 DAYS, New Orleans to Havana; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala; and Tela or Puerto Cortés, Honduras. Sailings every other Friday.

\$240 up plus 15% tax Jan. 1-Apr. 15; \$210 plus tax Apr. 16-Dec. 15. United Fruit Co.

11 DAYS, Miami to Nassau, Ciudad Trujillo, Port-au-Prince. Leaving every Monday. \$195 up plus 15% tax. Dominican Republic Steamship Line.

12 DAYS, New York to La Ceiba, Honduras. Freighters carrying 12 passengers. Leaving every Tuesday. \$290 up plus tax.

12 DAYS, New Orleans to Cristóbal, C.Z.; Santa Marta, Colombia. Leaving every other Wednesday. \$280 up Jan.-Apr.; \$250 up Apr.-Dec. United Fruit Co.

12 AND 14 DAYS, from Houston and New Orleans to Caribbean ports. Leaving Jan. 7 and 22. \$330 and \$335 up, respectively. Also 12- to 17-day Caribbean cruises from New York, Leaving Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 6 and 25, 12 days, \$300 up, 17 days, \$475 up. French Line.

13 DAYS. New York to Port-au-Prince, La Guaira, Trinidad, St. Thomas, San Juan. Leaving Jan. 27, Feb. 26. \$295 up. Also 15-day cruise taking in several additional ports. \$345 up. Leaving Feb. 10. Greek Line.

14 DAYS. New York to St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curação, Kingston, Havana. Leaving Jan. 30; Feb. 15; Mar. 3 and 19; Apr. 5. \$315 up. Home Lines.

15 DAYS, New York to Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cartagena, Cristóbal, Havana. Leaving Jan. 12 and March 8. \$300 up. Also 19-day cruise adding Curação and La Guaira to itinerary. Feb. 4 and 25. \$380 up. Swedish Lloyd.

16 DAYS, New York to Port-au-Prince and Cristóbal. Leaving every Tuesday. \$288 up plus 15% tax. Also 9-day cruise to Portau-Prince, \$234 up plus tax. Panama Line.

8350 to 8500

12 DAYS, New York to Curação, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Cartagena. Leaving every Friday. \$450 up regular season, \$435 up reduced-rate season. Grace Line.

14 DAYS. New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico; St. Thomas, V.I.; Trinidad; La Guaira; Curação; Port-au-Prince. Leaving Jan. 25. \$385 up. Also 17-day cruise, similar itinerary, plus Cristóbal. Leaves March 6, \$465 up, Holland-America Line.

14-15 DAYS, New York to Caribbean area, calling at La Guaira, Havana, and other ports. Leaving March 11 and 27. \$385 up. Cunard Line.

16 DAYS, New Orleans to Montego Bay, Jamaica: La Guaira; Curação; Cristóbal; Havana. Leaving Jan. 28 and Feb. 16. \$365 up. Home Lines.

16-18 DAYS, on cargo-passenger ships, New York to Aruba, Dutch West Indies; Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, and Cumaná, Venezuela. Sailings every Friday. \$450 up. Grace Line.

17-18 DAYS, New York to St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curação, Cristóbal, Havana. Leaving Jan. 29, Feb. 17, March 9, \$425 up. Canadian Pacific.

18 DAYS, New York to St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curação, Cristóbal, Kingston, Havana, and other ports. Leaving Jan. 29 and Feb. 18. \$495 up. Cunard Line.

18 DAYS. New York to Port-au-Prince, Fort-de-France, La Guaira, Curação, Montego Bay, Havana, Nassau. Leaving Jan. 21. \$475 up. Norwegian America Line.

20 DAYS, New York to Bermuda, St. Thomas, Martinique, Curação, Cartagena, Cristóbal, Kingston, Havana, Nassau. Leaves Jan. 30. \$500 up. Also 15-day cruise, New York to Nassau, Kingston, Cartagena, Cristóbal, Havana. Leaves Feb. 20, \$385 up. Furness Line.

20 DAYS, New York to La Ceiba, Honduras, and Guayaquil, Ecuador. Freighters carrying 12 passengers, Leaving every Friday. \$425 up. Standard Fruit Co.

30-35 DAYS, New York to Cristóbal, Barranquilla, Buenaventura. Freighters with room for 10 passengers. About \$325. Coldemar Line.

8500 to 8800

16 DAYS, New Orleans to Kingston, Ciudad Trujillo, Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad; terminating in Mobile, Alabama. Sailings every Saturday. \$525 up. Alcoa Steamship Co.

20 DAYS, New Orleans to Havana, Port-au-Prince, Curaçao, Cartagena, San Blas, Cristóbal. March 6. \$560 up. Clipper Line.
20 DAYS, New Orleans to Port-au-Prince, Kingston, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cristóbal, Havana, Veracruz, Leaving Feb. 11. \$550 up. French Line.

20 DAYS, New York to Port-au-Prince, Cristóbal, San Blas Islands, Cartagena, Port-of-Spain, St. Thomas, San Juan, Havana. Leaves Feb. 11. \$550 up. *Holland-America Line*.

THREE-WEEK freighter cruises to ports in Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Venezuela, Surinam, Trinidad; terminating at various Gulf ports. Sailings weekly. From New York \$585 up; from New Orleans \$400 up. Optional side trip—river cruise to bauxite mine in Surinam jungles. Alcoa Steamship Co.

24 DAYS, New Orleans to Havana; Puerto Barrios (allows 15 days in Guatemala); Tela or Puerto Cortés, Honduras. Leaving fortnightly. \$505 up Jan. 1-Apr. 15; \$475 up Apr. 16-Dec. 15. United Fruit Co.

28 DAYS, New Orleans to Havana, Montego Bay, Ciudad Trujillo, St. Thomas, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cartagena, San Blas, Cristóbal, Puerto Barrios, Leaving Jan. 7 and Feb. 5. \$785 up. Clipper Line.

8800 and over

38 DAYS. New York to Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Buenos Aires. Leaving fortnightly year round. \$900 up (Cabin Class). Moore-McCormack Lines.

38 DAYS, New York to Cristóbal, Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaíso. Leaving weekly. \$972 up. Grace Line.

39 DAYS, sea-air tours conducted year round down west coast of South America to Lima, Santiago, and Buenos Aires on Braniff planes, up east coast from B.A. on Delta ships. From Miami \$1649, from Dallas \$1711. Also 26-day tours to Lima, Rio, and back. From Miami \$1074, from Dallas \$1128. Brownell Travel Rurgan

42 DAYS, New Orleans to St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Curação. Leaving fortnightly. \$900 up. *Delta Line*.

ABOUT SIX WEEKS. New York to Cristóbal, Guayaquil, Callao, Arica, Antofagasta, Valparaíso. Freighters with room for 12 passengers. Sailings every three weeks. About \$800. Chilean Line.

44 TO 51 DAYS, New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad. Sailings every two or three weeks. \$990 up. Also a 29-day New York-Rio trip, \$900 up. Argentine State Line.

55 DAYS. New York to Havana, Panama Canal, Callao, Juan Fernández Islands, Valparaíso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Punta del Este, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Port-of-Spain. Leaving Feb. 6. \$1650 up. Swedish American Line.

49 TO 83 DAYS, Cook's Tours from New York around South America, in conjunction with Moore-McCormack, Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Argentine State Line, Panama Line. Leaving Jan. 7, 19 and Apr. 13. \$2299, \$2201, and \$2301, respectively. Thos. Cook and Son.

A NATION OF STAY-AT-HOMES

(Continued from page 8)

Los Angeles, devoted it all to shopping. By evening she was exhausted and her purse was empty; but she had a firmly established idea of "Yankee civilization" from what she had seen and deduced in her brief contact with department-store salesgirls and from dialogues to which her contribution was a persistent "How much?"

Naturally, there are exceptions—Brazilian travelers who are intelligent or at least endowed with common sense—and it is a delight to come across them. You can sit down comfortably at a table with them and exchange

impressions and doubts-mainly doubts.

After the war the road to Europe opened up again, and I believe a considerable number of Brazilian tourists are going there now. The Old World offers many advantages as compared with the United States. It is easier and more convenient to buy francs, lire, and pesetas than dollars. The European continent holds out a greater variety of cultures, landscapes, "sentimental interests." In countries like Portugal, France, Spain, and Italy, there is relatively little language difficulty. Besides, the prestige of Paris remains intact in the hearts of Brazilians. They are just as powerfully attracted to that city as the hundreds of thousands of U.S. tourists who set out for France each year.

After the United States, the American country most frequently visited by Brazilian tourists seems to be Argentina; Uruguay takes a creditable third place. Some wealthy Brazilians are learning the way to the fabulous lakes in the south of Argentina, and it is becoming fashionable for a certain social class of Brazilians to drive to Santiago, Chile. For many years Buenos Aires has been a sort of Mecca, particularly for rich ranchers from Rio Grande do Sul. But then both Buenos Aires and Montevideo are closer to most Rio Grande towns than Rio or São Paulo. If we were to ask a Brazilian tourist of ten years ago which things attracted him most in Buenos Aires, he would be likely to answer: "The shops and restaurants." The Argentine capital for a long time enjoyed the reputation of having the best and the most food of any city in the world. When the peso was devalued, many Brazilian tourists visited Argentina, and left their money in the hotels, movie theaters, restaurants, and shops. The exchange brokers are said to have insisted on thousand-cruzeiro bills, and I am perfectly ready to believe the statement that at one time there were no fewer than a hundred thousand such notes in Argentina.

Brazilians are curious about Canada, but not many ever consider traveling through Central America or the Pacific countries. Why this indifference? Is it a lack of large stores, of "things to buy"? Brazilians are rather blase about scenery, on the whole. We are constantly told from our earliest school years that no country in the world is more richly endowed than ours in natural splendor. For that reason Brazilians tend to feel that where nature is concerned we have seen everything, and that nothing could ever surprise us or even arouse our tepid interest. What a pity! The Central American and

Pacific Coast republics have a wealth of archeological treasures and folklore, in addition to fascinating human resources. But why waste time on visits to Mayan, Aztec, or Inca ruins—asks the tourist—when for the same money I can take a much more rewarding trip to Macy's? And those Brazilians who are interested in the historic and human wealth to be found in all Spanish American republics generally cannot afford to travel.

The boys of my generation, like those of at least three previous ones, did most of their traveling vicariously in the pages of Jules Verne's books. The Brazilian writer Augusto Meyer, in one of his admirable essays on that most important person, the reader, said: "To read a book means to detach oneself from the common, objective world, and live in a different one. The reader's window, lighted throughout the night, shields him from the reality of the street.

"Trees rustle. Once in a while he hears footsteps outside. High up, persistent stars look covetously and in vain at the lighted window. The man is imprisoned in the circle cast by his lamp, linked to the world only by the passive functioning of his body, suspended in the ideal plane of another dimension, beyond time and space. On the magic carpet there is room for only two passengers: reader and author."

The most delightful trips I have ever undertaken date back to my childhood. The others, the real ones that came with maturity, have been nothing but a dim reflection. At fourteen I followed Phileas Fogg around the world. With Dick Sand, or A Captain at Fifteen, I delved into the black heart of Africa, and I went along with the fearless Captain Nemo as he plunged twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

A name that has always fascinated me is that of California. In my teens I began to dream of going there, and as a grown man I was able to realize that dream. Here's what I wrote in a diary about it:

"In the evening I strolled around Claremont. For a long time I stood at a corner gazing at the mountains, with their snowy peaks glimmering in the moonlight. There was nobody around in those little streets. Windows were lighted in the professors' bungalows. Suddenly a train whistled. Other trains whistled in my memory. Where are the trains of yesteryear? There was one that used to blow its whistle every night at ten, when I was in bed and sleep was beginning to close my eyes. Then I'd drowsily wish I could travel. And now this California train whistle aroused in me again the hunger for new horizons. To travel-but how foolish! Was I not traveling already? No-o-o-o-o! answers the whistle tremulously. It's extraordinary. The real journey is never here and now, but always in the past, the future, or that fourth, mysterious time that exists in dreams or imagination.

"The best I can do is go back to bed. Goodbye, moon, trees, houses, mountains! Goodbye, I am going to travel. For, my friends, to sleep is to travel through four time-dimensions."

Only one conclusion is valid: writers are indeed hopeless cases!

AN ARGENTINE'S U.S.A. (Continued from page 16)

wears the "ten-gallon" hat, named for the measure of water its crown could supposedly hold. He still protects his legs with chaps and favors boots with high heels, which anchor themselves firmly in the ground when he is roping cattle. To this classic figure, the New Yorker is a total stranger.

You must see something of the splendid chain of U.S. national parks, and I especially recommend Yosemite in eastern California. If you're driving, go by way of Reno, the divorce capital, in its own estimation "the biggest little city in the world." Don't go into a state of shock over the number of people killing time in hotel lobbies or gambling houses until their divorces are granted; Hollywood notwithstanding, the U.S. divorce rate is low, considering the size of the population. The reason I suggest Reno if you're motoring is that that route to Yosemite takes you past Lake Tahoe. In all my travels, which, as you know, have been extensive, I have never been so deeply impressed by a landscape. At sunset we rounded a sharp curve and there, hundreds of yards below, was the lake, still as a mirror, reflecting incredible shades of blue, gray, rose, and red. You won't regret going a little out of your way for this experience.

And then Yosemite. Everything there is as nature arranged it; man interferes only to protect the natural beauty from the tourists. There are massive rock formations, groves of sequoias—those giant trees said to be the oldest and largest living things on earth—and extraordinary waterfalls, including Bridalveil, a lace mantle 620 feet long. You'll find it hard to emerge from this paradise into the Atomic Age.

In guiding you from east to west, I've left the best



for last-California. There the Latin American feels more at home than anywhere else in the United States, perhaps because of its still-surviving Spanish atmosphere. Many Californians who cannot speak to you in Castilian have Spanish names, Spanish manners, books and furniture and family portraits handed down from Spanish ancestors.

At first glance, San Francisco is not a city you'll find attractive, but you won't leave without nostalgic memories of its nearly vertical streets-on which I've taken more than one spill on rainy days-and its bay spanned by two majestic bridges. Everyone in the world has heard of its Chinatown, of course, but I think you'll be more impressed by the Latin quarter. There you can meet Mexicans. Peruvians. Chileans, even Argentines, and dine on the specialties of all the Spanish American countries.

Few Argentines know about the California missions, but they are well worth while. Restored or in ruins, they breathe the spirit of the eighteenth century. Founded by Franciscan fathers, San Luis Rey de Francia, Santa Clara de Assisi, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Barbara, San Carlos Borromeo, and the rest are today once again administered by the Franciscans.

Retracing the steps of the missionaries will bring you finally, for better or for worse, to Los Angeles and Hollywood. I'm not exactly recommending a visit to the Movie Mecca, you understand, but your friends at home will expect such claims as "I was this far from Rita Hayworth." Tour Beverly Hills, and, if you can arrange it, a movie studio. Dine at the Mocambo or Ciro's, where the stars gather, and you'll prove to yourself that they're no better than we are.

This letter is running too long, but I must mention one U.S. institution before I close: It's hard to understand why they are called "drug stores," but in any case they are something uniquely, typically U.S. Medicines are dispensed only incidentally; for the rest, a drug store is one vast, colorful bazaar, all on one floor, where you can purchase virtually everything you've ever heard of together with some very practical items you didn't know existed. You can buy a paperbound copy of Kant, for example, to read while you eat breakfast, lunch, or a soda at the counter. Plastic devices for peeling potatoes are stacked on surrounding shelves, next to nylon shirts and an amazing assortment of stuffed animals and mechanical toys. In most drugstores you choose what you want and pay the cashier. Frankly, I don't believe anyone would be the wiser if you slipped a few items into your pocket and walked off. But most people here are terribly honest, and such an idea would never enter their minds. They go to extremes: either they hold up a bank in broad daylight and carry off several million dollars or they scrupulously put down the money for newspapers, magazines, and fruit left unguarded on sidewalk stands.

Finally, wherever you are, talk to people. You'll find the cab-driver or the bartender or the fellow sitting next to you on the bus friendly, good-humored, and anxious to learn. When he finds out you're an Argen-



San Francisco cable car heads down one of city's famous hills to the water front. In background, Alcatraz Island

tine, he'll ply you with questions, such as whether they speak Portuguese in Buenos Aires. Don't laugh at his ignorance; these questions are asked in good faith.

Incidentally, don't show this letter to any North American; they carry local lovalties to an extreme. Chicagoans would never forgive my not describing the second largest city, and the avid fans of Florida would find it incredible that I should fail to go into detail about its beaches. It's quite true that there are other places of interest in this immense country, but trying to see them all would take at least fifty years. This is just one man's idea of an itinerary that will send you home with some sort of balanced picture.

> Cordially yours, ROBERTO MUJICA LAINEZ

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3 G. D. Hackett, courtesy Resort Airlines
- Courtesy Swiss-Foto-Courtesy Alcoa Steamship Co.-Courtesy Inter-continental Hotels Corp.
- Scott Seegers
- 10 Courtesy Intercontinental Hotels Corp. Scott Seegers
- 11, 38, 39 Scott Seegera
 - 12 Ralph Robinson

 - 15 Nyspix-Commerce-Abbie Rowe, courtesy National Park Service
 - 16 Courtesy Eastman Kodak Co.-Courtesy National Park Service
 - 17 Courtesy Argentine State Line
 - 18 Courtesy Grace Line-Courtesy Delta Line-Courtesy Holland-America 19 Courtesy United Fruit Co.-Courtesy Cunard Line-Courtesy Greek Line
 - 20 Libsohn, courtesy Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)-Florida Photo, Inc., courtesy

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 - 22 Courtesy Hamilton Wright-Libsohn, courtesy Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)-
 - 28 José Gómez-Sicre
 - 36 F. Adelhardt (4)—Katherine Young (upper right)—Jules Schick, courtesy Spitz Laboratories (center right)
 - 41 Courtesy Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) Courtesy United Fruit Co. Courtesy Grace Line
 - 44 Courtesy National Park Service
 - 45 Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

WHY BLOCK THAT TARIFF?

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading Alfred Friendly's "Block That Tariff" in the November issue, I had the feeling that he was doing a bit of upper case sneering at all those who believe that the business people and the working people of the United States are justified in maintaining tariffs at a level which would allow them to survive against an avalanche of cheap goods from abroad produced by poorly paid labor working any number of hours longer per week....

Actually, our country's arrangements relative to foreign trade stand favorable comparison with those of most of the rest of the world. I gave up trying to trade with Latin American countries because of the irksome requirements of some of them as to preliminary documentary work, the exaction of fees for forms, for validations, and so on, and the shortness and irregularity of the hours during which service is available at the various consular offices with reference to export business. I was greatly desirous of augmenting my importations from those areas. I discovered that I could not deal freely with everyone. Favored concerns could export. There were favored forwarders. In one instance, I ordered and reordered a certain line of goods, specifying shipment by surface vessel. Nothing happened. Then, a little over two years after I had abandoned the matter as hopeless, the goods came by air with the transportation charges several times the retail value of the goods. When I protested this performance to the trading and forwarding monopoly, I was treated to insult and the indignity of rejection of further dealings. Under the international set-up of that particular country I have become a nonexistent entity. It is many years since that episode, but I have never been able to get another nickel's worth of anything from anyone in it.

I do not see why the United States should always be the one to make all the concessions. Other countries, often the beneficiaries of our country's generosity, set up barriers against our trade—and not on a retaliatory basis, either—and where trade of a sort is tolerated, it is almost impossible for the U.S. exporter to obtain payment in cash either directly or by offsetting with a U.S. importer from the areas to which he exports.

One other item in your November number is a challenge: A letter from James Silveira recommends that we should learn to tolerate one another. That is not the word to use. Tolerance connotes resignation to a person, place, thing, or situation charged with uncongenial qualities. The right idea is to learn to respect one another.

Albert J. Franck Richmond Hill, New York

Mr. Friendly replies:

By any real measure, the labor cost of American goods is vastly lower than that of other countries; and that fact accounts for the United States' surpassing industrial and agricultural success. Also, the question is not one of equating the United States' trade concessions with those of other nations. It is, rather, of deciding what trade measures we should properly take in our national interest. As I see it, that national interest, if only for military reasons, requires the economic good health of the free nations.

Alfred Friendly Washington, D.C.

ON STAGE

Dear Sirs:

I am a playwright whose play Cradle of Glory (a dramatization of Abraham Lincoln's formative years) has been produced in eight states of the U.S.A. and in Japan. Now it is being examined for possible production in the British West Indies, Australia, the Philippines, Hawaii, India, Greece, Africa, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Austria, England, Scotland, Iceland—and in three South American countries, Argentina, Uruguay, and Peru. I would like to contact more groups and people in South America with refer-

ence to my play . . . and will appreciate anything you can do to put me in touch with directors of dramatic groups in the schools and others who might be interested.

Marie M. McNett Williamstown, Mass.

TRAVEL AMERICAS

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Americas and would like to tell you how much I enjoy it. I have often wanted to go to such places as Rio de Janeiro, Caracas, Mexico City, etc., but of course I am only sixteen and as yet do not have means to undertake such an enterprise. But I enjoy taking little "trips" with your magazine as a traveling companion, and it has given me a really objective and well-rounded viewpoint.

Andrew J. Franks Chicago, Illinois

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked Americas to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly, and should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

Adalberto Ramos (S, E) Concha No. 569 Cárdenas, Cuba

John P. Herring (E, S) 39 College Place Oberlin, Ohio

Dr. Arthur Arantes (E) Rua Domingos de Morais, 600

Vila Mariana São Paulo, Brazil

Manuel Gómez (E, S, F, P) Almirante Mercer 86 Valencia, Spain

Juan Candela Sanches % Alferés Provisional No. 25 Elche, Alicante, Spain

José Castilla Romero (S) Apartado No. 365 Seville, Spain

Delia Beatriz López Pampa 5805 Buenos Aires, Argentina

Rafael Peris Cairols Plaza Mártires de la Revolución, 8 Játiva, Valencia

Spain

Carlos Stinger (S, E, P) Villa Tortosa - Unquillo Córdoba, Rep. de Argentina

Guenter Wolff Berlin-Tempelhof Richnowstr. 1 Germany

Ruy de Azevedo Moretz-Sohm (E, F, P, S) Rua Senador Feijó 126 Ap. 56 São Paulo, Brazil

Yolanda Chardonnens (S, E) Cullen 5801 Buenos Aires, Argentina

John Arnold (E) St. Martin's College Olympia, Washington

Angela Ayarza V. (S) 1º Avenida 1115 Santiago, Chile

Aldo Soubihe (E) R. Dr. Vergilio Malta 8-30 Bauru, S.P., Brazil

Flory Castro R. (S) Apartado Postal No. 852 San José, Costa Rica

NO FRUIT

Reader Robert D. Seward of Lewiston, Maine, correctly points out that the part of the maguey plant from which the potent tequila liquor is made is not a fruit, as stated in "The Tequila Story" in November, but the central stalk or bud of the plant, with leaves and root chopped away. The photographer who described it as a fruit was doubtless misled by the marked superficial resemblance of the pieces of stalk to pineapples (in fact, this part of the plant is often called the piña, or pineapple). Or perhaps he just had too many samples of the product.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' MONEY?











Each coin pictured here represents the monetary unit of one of the Latin American countries listed below. Can you match them up correctly? In addition to the peso country called for, there are six others-Colombia, Argentina, Uruguay, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico-while El Salvador shares the colon with the nation mentioned below.



- 1. GOURDE
- 2. SOL
- 3. CORDOBA
- 4. BALBOA 5. BOLIVIANO
- 6. SUCRE
- 7. CRUZEIRO
- 8. GUARANI (coin shown is only one-half guarani)
- 9. COLON
- 10. LEMPIRA
- 11. PESO
- 12. QUETZAL
- 13. BOLIVAR

- b. Brazil
- c. Costa Rica
- d. Chile
- e. Guatemala f. Bolivia
- g. Peru
- h. Paraguay
- i. Nicaragua
- j. Honduras
- k. Venezuela I. Haiti
- m. Ecuador















CONTRIBUTORS



Puerto Rican-born Francisco J. Hernández, who has been chief of the Pan American Union's Travel Division for the past fourteen years, gives the potential tourist a picture of what the American nations have been doing since World War II to brighten the "Prospects for Travel, 1954." "Paco" Hernández knows the ropes of the tourist trade from the viewpoint of both a travel promoter and a traveler, for inter-American gatherings in this field have taken him on many occasions to every part

of the Hemisphere, He has just returned from a meeting in Lima of the committee on the financing of the Pan American Highway, a subject of special interest to motorists north and south.



Brazilian novelist Érico Verissimo scarcely needs an introduction—his fame has spread through America and Europe. Just recently, his monumental saga of Rio Grande do Sul State, O Tempo e o Vento (Time and the Wind), appeared in a German edition. Now Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs, he comments on his own and his fellow countrymen's attitude toward travel in "A Nation of Stayat-Homes." Dr. Verissimo was born in Cruz Alta in southern Brazil in 1905, was edu-

cated in Porto Alegre, and launched his journalistic career in 1930 on that city's Revista do Globo, a magazine he edited from 1933 to 1936. He later received an honorary Ph.D. in literature from Mills College, California, after his writings had won him a position of first rank in world literature.



E. W. H. LUMSDEN makes his second appearance in our pages with a lighthearted but very helpful "Two-way Guide to Correct Behavior," which should keep many an inter-American voyager from committing unnecessary jaux pas. Lumsden is well acquainted with the Latin American environment, having lived in Argentina for many years, and is equally well informed on the peculiarities of his U.S. countrymen, for his position with Time-Life International—where he is in charge of the non-

editorial affairs of Life en Español-brings him into contact with a cross-section of U.S. types.

"Through Latin America with Knife and Fork" has the unique distinction of being the only article in this issue written in a treetop. Author Scott Seegers assures us that the nest he built



Scott Junior (right) and friend in the Seegers tree house

in a McLean, Virginia, hackberry provides ideal independence and calm, as well as a fine view. Up there, away from the distractions of the modern world, he writes about his travels and adventures. This time he reveals a fondness for trying out the strangest as well as the most delicious dishes Latin America can offer.

ROBERTO MUJICA LAINEZ is another globetrotter. In "An Argentine's U.S.A." he sets down his impressions of this country in a letter to a compatriot, After completing his studies in Argentina, Mr. Mujica Lainez spent three years in Paris and London. He came to the United States in 1939 as secretary of the book and fine-arts sections of the Argentine exhibits at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs. The following year he became an attaché at the Argentine Embassy in Tokyo. He later served as Vice Consul in San Francisco before leaving the diplomatic service to join the France-Presse news agency. He has also been a correspondent for Newsweek and press officer of the U.S. Information Service in Buenos Aires.

The story of "Bolivia's Dancing Devils" is the joint effort of a young Bolivian newspaperman and one of his country's leading photographers, Lus Ramiro Belthán, who provided the text, has worked for several La Paz papers and written for the magazine Tiempo of Mexico. He is now a correspondent for Mundial of Montevideo and the Chicago Tribune. The pictures were taken by Alfred Linares. The unique dancing troupes perform in the highland mining center of Oruro only at pre-Lenten carnivals, but he was able to fill our unseasonal request for a graphic record of the performance when a diablada took part in a big folklore festival in La Paz last July 16 to celebrate the anniversary of the city's founding. He reports that the Oruro devils have become great favorites in the capital.

In our book section, Muna Lee, distinguished critic, poet, and translator, underlines the importance of Latin America in literature for young people in considering A Critical History of Children's Literature and seven U.S. children's books. Indalecio Núrez, Naval Attaché of the Spanish Embassy in Manila, emphasizes the role of the sea in the history of the Spanish colonies in discussing Independencia de América: Indice de los Papeles de Expediciones a Indias, by Julio Guillén. Alice Raine, who has been a contributor to Americas herself, gives her impressions of a volume of short stories by another—Raoul Fournier Villada's La Urbanidad y Otros Cuentos.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides American, amonthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the Annals of the Organization of American States, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization: and the quarterly Panorama, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

Tonico WINTER



QUICK LUNCH DE ROSINDADE PAZ



VAVEGOOM



